THE THEATRE

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Hall Clara Lipman Louis Mann

Jean Poujol promises his daughter that he will sign the pledge

SCENE IN "JULIE BONBON" AT LEW FIELDS' THEATRE, THIS CITY

THE CURRENT PLAYS

Hall Clara Lipman Maggie Fielding

THE MILLINER'S SHOP IN "JULIE BONBON" AT LEW FIELDS' THEATRE

MADISON SQUARE. "A Case of Arson." Play in one act by H. Heyerman. Produced Jan. 9, with this cast:

Cigar manufacturer, Henri De Vries; half-witted brother, Henri De Vries; father-in-law, Henry De Vries; police sergeant, Henri De Vries; inn-keeper, Henri De Vries; grocer, Henri De Vries; house painter, Henri De Vries; magistrate, H. Vibart; usher, C. N. Schaeffer.

The season has furnished two supreme novelties, the one, "Peter Pan," fantastic and intricate, requiring multiple forces, the other, "A Case of Arson," simple in the extreme. A masterly study in dialectics, this latter little piece is so remarkable in dramatic structure that its author must receive recognition. The destruction by fire of a small cigar manufactory is believed to be a case of arson. According to the process of the law in Holland, a magistrate makes a searching inquiry, summoning before him all who may be able to give him information leading to the discovery of the culprit. While the cigar manufacturer had collected insurance, his property was such that suspicion could not directly attach to him. His child had been lost in the fire. The burning might have been an accident. The manufacturer's half-witted brother is first questioned. His lack of intelligence and vagueness in answering serve to confuse rather than enlighten the magistrate. Each witness is examined separately. The manufacturer himself tells such a straight story, and with such apparent frankness that he is not detained; but as one witness after another is introduced, the magistrate discovers discrepancies in his story. The father-in-law, a palsied old man, garrulous, self-willed and impatient, happens to say that he does not smoke. The manufacturer had testified that on the day of the fire he was going to his father-in-law's house, taking with him a present of a box of cigars. In this manner, the case against the manufacturer is gradually built up in the mind of the magistrate. If the introduction of seven different characters were only a trick for the convenience of an actor to show his virtuosity, it would be trifling with an audience; but the action of the little play never halts and fate is gradually seen stealthily creeping up on its victim until it makes its final sudden leap. A police sergeant, an inn-keeper, a grocer, a housepainter, are examined. True, some of them know nothing, but the episodic division is good. The manufacturer is recalled. The relentless nature and the inevitable consequence of the magistrate's reasoning and questions force the manufacturer to admit his crime. He explains the accident whereby the child, without his knowledge, found her way to the house, fell asleep in bed, and was consumed in the fire. A man whose stolidity would seem immovable shows, for the first time, the emotions which he has so long concealed. He begs the magistrate to send him at once to his long imprisonment, so that he might not have to meet his wife and look her in the eye after she knew that he was the cause of the loss of the child.

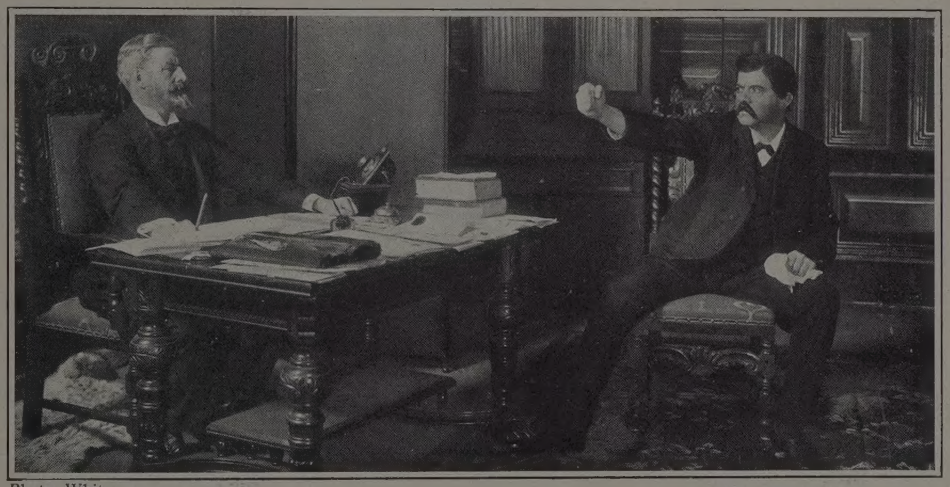
FAY TEMPLETON AND VICTOR MOORE
In "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" at the New Amsterdam

This little play, and the acting in it of Henri De Vries, are a welcome influence here at this moment in our dramatic development. If Mr. De Vries were making a mere personal exhibition of himself and his skill, it would convey no special meaning to us. That he differentiates these various types would in itself be nothing remarkable. It is the absolute sincerity of it all that is remarkable. That is something we need on our stage, sincerity of author-

Mr. de Vries as the half-witted brother

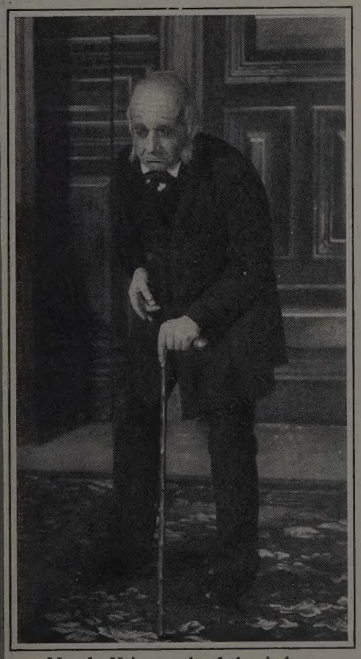
ship as well as of acting. One could well imagine that these characters are personally known; the effect of the little piece and the acting in it would be vastly enhanced. The acting is not brilliant, but it is something vastly better, it is truth itself. The public demand for the brilliant, in form rather than essence, is the bane of our stage. There is nothing in this play, as in many of the very best plays, that requires what we commonly call the brilliant. The little play grips one. It is real and not a mere dramatic curio. Mr. De Vries enacted the seven witnesses concerned in the case. An admirable performance was that of Mr. H. Vibart as the Magistrate. One feels a certain deficiency in language when he must describe such perfect fitness in the acting as a performance. The one other character, an usher, played by Mr. N. C. Schaeffer, was just as apt.

The one act piece was preceded by "The Braisley Diamond," in three acts by Tremayne & Hall. Its farcical elements were familiar. The husband loses his diamond pin, which happens to be paste substituted by his wife, who had pawned the family diamonds. The complications arising out of the efforts to recover the diamonds are unquestionably amusing, although at times trite. While the trifle appears infinitely insignificant compared with "A Case of Arson," it should not be put aside by a contemptuous wave of the critical hand. It is certainly put on with all the characteristic neatness of the management, and a number of the players impressed upon us their distinction; among them Henry Vibart, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Dorothy Drake, Helen Grantly, Grace Merritt and May Vokes.



Photos White The magistrate The manufacturer

Henri de Vries in "A Case of Arson" at the Madison Square Theatre

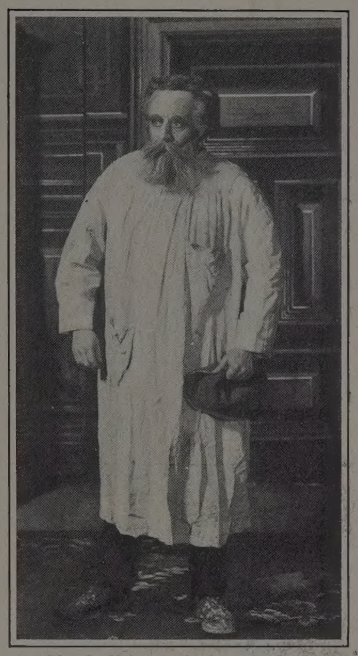


Mr. de Vries as the father-in-law

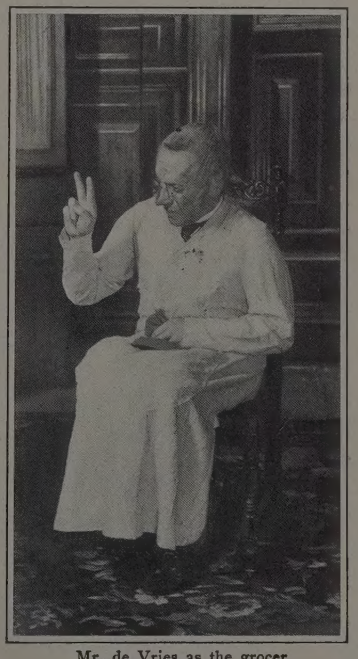
LIBERTY. "The Clansman," play in 4 acts, by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Produced Jan. 8, with this cast:

Rev. Ephraim Fox, George B. Jackson; Aleck, John B. Hymer; Nelse, DeWitt C. Jennings; Carpetbagger, Joseph Woodburn; Judge Wallace, J. E. Miller; Gus, M. J. Jordan; Eve, Jeffreys Lewis; Austin Stoneman, Holbrook Blinn; Dr. Richard Cameron, Joseph Wheelock, Sr.; Flora, Frances Shannon; Nellie Graham, Grayce Scott; John Durham, Fred Kley; Elsie, Georgia Welles; Ben Cameron, Sydney Ayres; Silas Lynch, Austin Webb; William Pitt Shrimp, Murry Woods; Jake, Harry Mainhall; Gen. N. B. Forrest, James J. Ryan; The U. S. Commissioner, John Nichols.

Just what subjects a dramatist may select for the basis of his plays is a matter which provokes more and more discussion with each succeeding production. Frequently, these ethical discussions are started by the playwrights themselves, or by their press agents, for the equivocal value of the reading notices they evoke. Some critics declare that only the beautiful in art should have a place on the stage. Others contend that the disagreeable and the sordid should be left to the novelists and essayists and that only that which amuses should sparkle behind the footlights. If Shakespeare was right in his contention that the purpose of the drama is, as it were, to hold the mirror up to nature, there is no problem, however repellant, that should not command the playwright's attention. Where would our histrionic literature be if murder, lust, incest and torture were eliminated from the works of Shakespeare, Racine, Hugo and Webster? After all, the question resolves itself into a matter of treatment. Let the writer approach his subject with sincerity of purpose and some appreciation of taste and any problem of life can be utilized in a play. As an advocate of the South, its traditions and rights none has wielded his pen with greater enthusiasm than Thomas Dixon, Jr. Out of two of his novels, with W. T. Price's rare technical aid, he has evolved "The Clansman," a four act drama of reconstruction days. Bitterly has it been assailed. For sordid reasons, the author is charged with trying to undo all that Booker T. Washington has built up. It is declared in certain quarters to be dangerous in that it may stir up race prejudices to the revolutionary



Mr. de Vries as the house painter



Mr. de Vries as the grocer

point. It is taking the work too seriously to ascribe to it any such incendiary purpose. The negroes it paints are bad "niggers," the wrongs of the South which it pictures are those that grew out of the disgraceful carpet-bagging days of the '70's, and with such figures and facts the scenes presented perhaps portray only one side of the medal, but the historic truth is there and the presentation is drama. The play is said by the author to contain a message of vital importance to the American people. With any such message we have nothing to do here. The play interests us as a drama only. Ethically, it is little less than a crime to inculcate hatred of race, be it on the stage or elsewhere, but it is by no means proven that Mr. Dixon does this wantonly. His play merely shows what social chaos political blundering may bring about, and he would avoid any such upheaval in the future by eliminating the negro from our body politic, by colonization or other method. This is a free country. Mr. Dixon is entitled to his own opinion and has the right to express it. But no one is obliged to agree with his conclusions. "The Clansman" is excellent melodrama in that its interesting story is told with literary skill and with a fitting regard to the unities and the exactions of telling craftsmanship. The suspense is cumulative, the action advances with dramatic vigor, and the humor, if somewhat conventional, meets with frequent response. For three acts it is sterling drama. The last act with the members of the Ku Klux Klan in their full regalia is too suggestive of comic opera.

White Margaret Wycherley James J. Corbett Kate Lester
SCENE IN THE STAGE VERSION OF G. B. SHAW'S STORY "CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION" AT DALY'S

HIPPODROME. "A Society Circus." Ballet. Spectacle.

In its colossal Hippodrome, New York has a place of popular amusement that, in some respects, is unrivalled in the world. Its mammoth stage, splendid seating arrangements, apparently adequate facilities for quick egress in case of panic, render it an ideal auditorium for producing spectacles on a huge and elaborate scale. The new bill is a bewildering conglomeration of graceful dancers, agile acrobats, stupendous animals. It is an orgy of tinsel, lights and color, filling the eye and certainly the ears, but somehow leaving the artistic sense unsatisfied. There seems to be a superabundance of material and the lack of an inspired directing hand. The gypsy camp may be picturesque, but it is decidedly tiresome as entertainment. The bare-back riders, the trapeze performers, the trick elephants and the educated lions, are mildly interesting, but not particularly novel. What most compels one's admiration is the celerity and neatness with which the stage hands do their work. It is marvellous. One feels that a master mind is behind them. 'Tis a pity one cannot say as much for the ballet and the tableaux. A vast army of men and women are employed, a king's ransom would hardly pay for the costumes, the bill for electric lights and calciums must be fabulous. It is a barbaric exhibit of reckless prodigality, the extreme limit of American managerial extravagance, but yet all its magnificence leaves one cold. It is merely lights and tinsel. Art is absent. An inspired stage management could get twice the effect with half the number of people and probably half the cost. It is absurd to write of the present ballet at the Hippodrome as being the limit of what can be achieved in that line. To all who have seen the great ballets at the Scala, Milan, and even those of Paris, such statements are nonsense. Can any one who witnessed the ballet "Excelsior," produced in Paris about 1888, ever forget it? The ballet at the Hippodrome is superbly costumed and the girls are pretty and shapely, but they do little else than hop about. There are none of the intricate figures with the blending of colors, that go to make ballet dancing an art. Where, too, is the première danseuse who should be here in all her glory? The Hippodrome's novel aquatic feature is made little use of in the present bill, and this, we think, is also a mistake. The best acts of the circus in Paris were done in the aquatic part. They had one highly popular act called "Les Noces de Chocolat," Chocolat being a clown who celebrates his wedding on a house boat. The fun derived from this situation was unbounded and never failing. There is a clever clown at the Hippodrome. His name is Marceline. Why don't they give him something to do?

Otto Sarony Co.

EDWARD S. WILLARD AS KIPLING'S WEIRD CHARACTER, "THE MAN WHO WAS"

LEW FIELDS. "JULIE BONBON." Play in 4 acts by Clara Lipman. Produced Dec. 25, with this cast:

Mrs. Schuyler Van Brunt, Dora Goldthwaite; John Van Brunt, James Durkin; Grace Moreland, Muriel McArthur; Mrs. Johnson, Mary Cecil; Mrs. Lester, Alexander Phillips; Yama, R. Siato; Dan Laverty, Edward Pierce; Mrs. Laverty, Maggie Fielding; James Stevens, George Pauncefort; Dr. Bustling, M. Thornton Simpson; William Morton, J. Harry Knowles; Julie Bonbon, Clara Lipman; Jean Poujol, Louis Mann; Charlie Madison, Meredith G. Brown; Freddie Courtlandt, Gaston Bell; Eddie Hudson, Wyrley Birch; Anne, Ray Beveridge; Caroline, Elsa Ferguson; Katie, Beatrice Bertrand; Arabella, Amy Lesser; Marie, Alice Loeber; Therese, Edna Carroll; Sophie, Kitty Barry; Louise, Louise Laroux; Dan, Samuel White; Max Schwartz, Anthony Asher.

It is not every day that one finds in the same cast two such admirable artists as Clara Lipman and Louis Mann, and no theatrical venture in which these popular players are jointly interested could fail to secure at least a success of esteem. "Julie Bonbon," let us hasten to add, scores more heavily than that. Written by Mrs. Mann who, as everybody knows is Clara Lipman on the stage, the piece makes no pretence to having other mission than to amuse and to serve as a vehicle for two performers who long ago won the hearts of metropolitan theatregoers. These objects it certainly achieves. It even does more, for it provides Mr. Mann with the best part of his career and affords Clara Lipman a better opportunity than she has had since the halcyon days of "The Girl from Paris."

Jean Poujol, the bibulous veteran of the Franco-German war, is one of the most amusing types seen on our stage in many a day. It is a character that alone should make the fortune of any play, and to say that Louis Mann does full justice to it only conveys the truth mildly. It is a remarkable characterization that he presents, and one that will live among the creations of our drama. Identified usually with German dialect parts, here he is seen as a doddering old Frenchman, and the latter's gestures, accent and general characteristics the actor imitates with a versimilitude that is astonishing.

The plot of the play is slight enough. Mlle. Julie Bonbon is a Parisian milliner, established in New York. Her good looks and "nice little way" have attracted hosts of admirers. Her only care is her reprobate of a father who is afflicted with an abnormal thirst and goes on drinking despite all his good resolutions to the contrary. John Van Brunt, of aristocratic New York family, is more smitten with Julie than the rest, and asks her to marry him. Julie consents, but in an indiscreet moment accepts the invitation of an older admirer to supper at the bohemian resort known as Little Hungary. Old Poujol, always with an eye open for "graft" with which to satisfy his thirst cravings, goes to the Van Brunt home ostensibly to learn John's intentions towards his daughter, and this interview affords Mr. Mann an excellent opportunity for some highly diverting comedy. The old toper succeeds in disgusting both John and his haughty mother with the proposed alliance and John is further incensed against Julie on learning of the supper at Little Hungary. The next act, showing the interior of the restaurant, is a lively one. The different parties come in and take their seats, guying later arrivals, and presently Julie's party sits down, old Poujol, of course, promptly becoming intoxicated and insisting on making a speech. Elated by too much champagne, Julie herself dances a *pas seul* on the supper table, and the scandalized John, who has watched her from another table, renounces her forever. Finally everything is amicably explained and the lovers are united. The last act is the weakest. Fourth acts generally are, and necessarily so, coming as they usually do after the climax. The play is well constructed and the lines are bright. Clara Lipman easily accounted for the popularity of the little milliner. She rattled off French like a native, showered her smiles like so many pearls and laughed and chatted with the vivacity and charm peculiar to all little French milliners since time immemorial. In her more serious moods Miss Lipman acted with force and sincerity. The rest of the cast are capable. Dora Goldthwaite, an old favorite, plays Mrs. Van Brunt with the proper poise and dignity and Anthony Asher is excellent as a comic head waiter. The third act, with all its bustle and gaiety at the restaurant, has been exceedingly well stage managed.

From the *Tatler*, London

ANNIE RUSSELL AND OSWALD YORKE IN G. B. SHAW'S NEW PLAY, "MAJOR BARBARA"

"Major Barbara," says London *Sketch*, gives the idea that "G. B. S." feels he has mastered the public and can now use the stage as a mere platform; during nearly half the piece the characters are uttering what seem like scraps from pamphlets, and the play, if any, stands still. The pamphlets are very clever and amusing, and the questions are discussed from different points of view. Indeed, Mr. Shaw provides a battery of arguments *pro* and *con* on many burning topics. Except in a few scenes, the character-painting which distinguished "John Bull's Other Island" is hardly to be found in "Major Barbara," while the sense of form with which "Man and Superman" has been almost reproached is entirely lacking. What do such things matter so long as we are amused—and we were till about 5.15, and then, with bewildered brains and aching heads, we sat wondering and admiring, yet longing for the "and now" to a series of long, paradoxical speeches. I suppose Mr. Shaw will refuse to have any cuts made, and so may almost nullify the effects of some brilliant writing and acting. Major Barbara herself, delightfully acted by Miss Annie Russell, is a quite charming creature, and the Salvation Army scenes are full of humor and pathos. "Major Barbara" is the daughter of a maker of ordnance, and she becomes a Salvationist. Bill Walker is one of the roughs she is attempting to reform. In real life Miss Russell and Mr. Yorke are husband and wife

GARRICK. "MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY." Adapted from Sardou's "Pattes de Mouche." Produced Dec. 25 with this cast:

Horace Belmore, Addison Pitt; Mrs. Belmore, Miriam Nesbitt; Violet Merivale, Louise Galloway; Manders, Kate Jepson; James, John Marble; Mr. Thaddeus Brown, George Woodward; Miss Dorothy, Ida Vernon; Algy, Walter Thomas; Herbert Danvers, Boyd Putnam; Hobbs, C. A. Chandos; Mary, Miss Crosman.

The disposition to decry a play because it is old and familiar is all wrong. Such criticism is purely arbitrary and capricious and does not determine values upon merit. The defects of "Mary, Quite Contrary," go far beyond and are entirely distinct from anything in "Pattes de Mouche," the original from which it is adapted. The mastery of mechanism exhibited in this play by Sardou will always be admirable. It cannot be brushed aside, and the entertaining vitality of it is strong to-day. Miss Crosman has never played anything in which she is more at home. It is perhaps not going too far to say that her performance of the part is the best, in many particulars, that the oldest playgoer has seen. The main question that the production presents is as to the feasibility of converting plays of certain essential qualities into American plays. The work must be well and completely done in order to make the experiment successful. London, which is far more provincial than New York and America in this respect, has long been in the habit of handling foreign plays in this way, making them English in atmosphere, character and names. It cannot always be done. The worst failure of the kind was Gilbert's adaptation

Byron, N. Y.
JOE WEBER AND MARIE DRESSLER IN "TWIDDLE-TWADDLE"

of Labiche's "Chapeau d'Italie" under the title of "The Wedding March." The name of the adapter of the Sardou play at the Garrick is not given on the bill, but it is believed to be by one who makes a specialty of the poor work of "adapting." It is not well done. The new play is effective, but its patches are not expertly invisible; it is full of inconsistencies, and its American atmosphere and character fall short. But it is not a failure. The attempt to use an old play under a new name may not be satisfactory and may prejudice its success. The captious demand for absolutely new plays may persist to its detriment, but Miss Crosman deserves attention in this, her best work. The intent of the adapter has been good in eliminating every trace of salaciousness. Brisemouche, the Naturalist, has been reduced to a most innocuous and dreary person. Awkward comedy has been introduced between a vapid young man and a girl to whom he is too bashful to propose, but, in a mechanical way the revised plot works. Even this does not depart entirely from the original play. Boyd Putnam as Herbert Danvers, (Prosper Couramont in the original,) is not up to the level of Miss Crosman, but he is very capable. The play is well staged, but there are inconsistencies that could easily be remedied. In the second act, for example, Boyd Putnam sits by a glowing fire enveloped in a most formidable looking fur overcoat, a most unusual dressing gown, in spite of the severe winter's cold that is supposed to exist outside. Mary, possibly because she is quite contrary, when she enters is clad in light summer dress. As we have said, the one interesting point about the production is as to the experiment of naturalizing foreign plays. Shall they all take out papers? Is Mr. X's experiment purely personal or does it concern the entire public? That certain plays should be Americanized is as plain as a pike staff.

Miss Crosman added to her bill later "Madeline," a play in two scenes by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, an English novelist whose books deal with the sadder themes of life. Miss Crosman appeared as a French actress, madly in love with a man who has long been her lover, and is about to desert her to make an advantageous marriage. Madeline pleads vainly with him, and, locking the door of her apartment, covers him with a revolver. The man's absolute calmness in the face of death saves him, and she turns the pistol against herself. The piece is strong and affords opportunity for an emotional actress, but Miss Crosman was not at her best in it.

CRITERION. "ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE." Play in 3 acts by J. M. Barrie. Produced Dec. 25, with this cast:

Colonel Grey, Bruce McRae; Mrs. Grey, Ethel Barrymore; Amy Grey, Beatrice Agnew; Cosmo Grey, Cyril Smith; Stephen Rollo, John Barrymore; Leonora Dunbar, Mary Nash; Nurse, Davenport Seymour; Fanny, Florence Busby; Richardson, Lillian Reed.

The amiable Scotch humorist who wrote those delightful books "A Window in Thrums," "Better Dead," "My Lady Nicotine," etc., is, as far as his dramatic gift has yet revealed itself, a clever stage entertainer rather than a playwright of serious purpose. Like his stories, none of which go far beneath the surface, his dramatic compositions are not plays in the real sense, but only fanciful conceits of a whimsical genius. "The Little Minister" comes nearest, perhaps, to anything human or true Barrie has ever written, and this, the most successful of his plays, appeared first in novel form. His later dramatic efforts, "The Admirable Crichton," a weak adaptation from the German of Fulda, and "Little Mary," a preposterous parody on the human stomach, were flippantly conceived and loosely written and had no lasting popularity. The merely clever play never lives. It amuses for the moment, but has no real vitality. In "Peter Pan" Barrie's natural trend toward frivolity is less marked because the poetic appeal is sincere and genuine. Yet, throughout all his work the gentle irony and lambent humor so characteristic of this author are plainly discernible. Barrie may be classed as a sugar coated Bernard Shaw.

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is decidedly Shawian in tone and shows Barrie in his most frivolous mood. The situations are absurd, but the humor of it all is delightful and it keeps you laughing, which, to many people, is the whole purpose of the theatre. The play is a satire on the up-to-date Young Person who adopts a theory of life from what she reads in books or sees on the stage. Col. Grey and his wife return to England from India after several years' separation from their children. Amy, the eldest daughter, knows a thing or two, or thinks she does, and is prepared for any contingency that may arise. She and her 14-year-old brother discuss gravely how they shall greet their

FRED WALTON
As the Toy Soldier. This character, entirely new to the stage, is one of the novel features of "The Babes and the Baron," now running at the Lyric Theatre, this city. Mr. Walton does it so cleverly that it is almost impossible to distinguish him from his colleagues which are of wood

parents on their arrival. Amy decides to be very dignified and dutiful, while the boy expresses fear that his father will kiss him. He will avoid this humiliation by leaving the room suddenly "to buy the evening paper." Col. and Mrs. Grey are quick to notice the distant feeling that the separation has created in their domestic circle. The baby, guarded by a suspicious nurse, howls each time the mother approaches, the boy dodges his father's embraces, while Amy turns to her mother a chaste and cold cheek. The parents are perplexed, but conclude that the ice will thaw. Miss Amy, meantime, is watching her mother critically, hoping she is All She Should Be both as wife and mother. Stephen Rollo, a bachelor, comes to the house. He is an old friend of Col. and Mrs. Grey, but has never seen their children. The latter are away when he calls, and Mrs. Grey is just accepting Rollo's invitation to take tea in his rooms when Amy enters unobserved and overhears. True to her theory, she at once jumps at the conclusion that it is a clandestine appointment. Greatly shocked, she feels it is her duty to save her Misguided Mother from Wrongdoing and decides to go herself to Rollo's rooms, confront the would-be Seducer and demand that he Return The Letters. Rollo, not knowing who she is, naturally thinks she is crazy and tries to get her out of the way before Mrs. Grey arrives. Finally, Amy hides in a closet, where her mother finds her. It is now Mrs. Grey's turn to be shocked. She dreads the worst, and this complication is skillfully kept up until the mother, in a capital scene with her daughter, is brought to understand that she, and not Amy, is under suspicion. Mrs. Grey now realizes that her own day in society is over, that she has a marriageable daughter who will henceforth take her place, and, in a scene written with exquisite pathos and tenderness as only Barrie can write them, she resigns her social gaities to become Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire.

Light as the piece is and devoid of serious intent it is amusing and well worth seeing. Ethel Barrymore takes the rôle of the mother with considerable success. Most actresses are handicapped by their years; Miss Barrymore is by her lack of them. It is a very youthful looking mother that she presents, but that she succeeds at all in the impersonation is remarkable enough. Of course, she does not for a moment suggest the mature woman of forty. It would be unreasonable to expect that a young woman barely out of her teens could assume with complete success a rôle originally written for Ellen Terry. She is quite as girlish in appearance as Amy, the daughter, so in this respect alone all illusion is destroyed. It is doubtful whether art is well served by thrusting a young actress, no matter how talented and personally popular, into rôles for which her age renders her obviously unfit. No matter how precocious her virtuosity, nature cannot be trifled with, and no stage manager, however skillful, can transform a young virgin into a middle aged matron and convey any illusion of the real thing. But it would be difficult to conceive of Ethel Barrymore making a flat failure of anything. She is what the French call *un enfant de la balle.* A child of actors, she was practically born and bred on the stage and even her convent experience could not eradicate the gift of heredity. The stage is her natural sphere. No matter what she plays, she is always natural, self composed, serene, and for this reason she can assume with authority rôles that other women could hardly undertake in a lifetime. Beatrice Agnew played the part of the sentimental Amy in exactly the right key. She did not overact, which she must be constantly tempted to do, and brought considerable personal charm to a difficult and unsympathetic part. Bruce McRae was excellent as the father, and John Barrymore did well as Rollo. Davenport Seymour made a pretty nurse.

Otto Sarony Co.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF FRITZI SCHEFF

The longer play was preceded by a one-act piece, also written by Mr. Barrie, and entitled "Pantaloon." This playlet, described on the programme as "a plea for an honorable family," is a gem of its kind. It is mostly in pantomime and should be wholly so. Why it is not, is unexplained. It is an artistic fault, for there is no reason why the Pantaloon and the Clown should speak lines, while Harlequin and Columbine, who are quite as important to the action, act only in dumb show. The ensemble would be more effective in pantomime, as the story is easily understood. This story, briefly, is this: Pantaloon's comely daughter Columbine has two ardent suitors—one the glittering, agile Harlequin, the other the comic, sausage-juggling clown. Columbine favors Harlequin and runs away with him; and the Clown, furious, visits his wrath on the innocent Pantaloon. He refuses to appear with him again in public and prevents him from getting employment, so poor old Pantaloon, deserted by all, sits desolate by the fire awaiting the end. The years pass and one day the door opens and Columbine and Harlequin, both sobered by life's trials, enter, followed by a diminutive clown who begins to tickle his grandfather's legs with

(*Continued on page v.*)

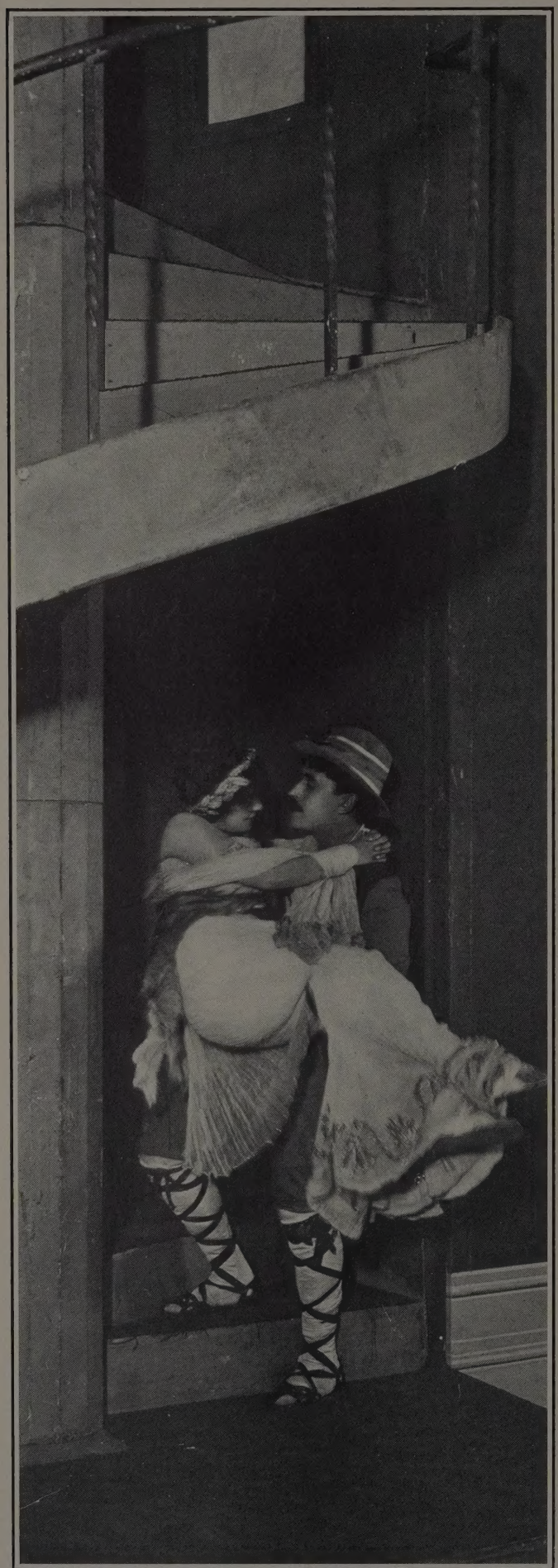
Fritzi Scheff Makes a Hit in "Mlle. Modiste"

Byron, N. Y.

Mlle. Fifi, a little Parisian milliner with aspirations for the stage, throws up her position as "saleslady" to become prima donna. She is loved incidentally by the nephew of a gouty French aristocrat who objects strenuously to the threatened mésalliance

Byron, N. Y. Fifi (Fritzi Scheff) Count de Bouvray (William Pruette)

The French aristocrat, delightfully acted by William Pruette, after singing "I want what I want when I want it," thumps the table until the glasses dance. But he finds Mlle. Fifi's delicate attentions to his gouty foot very soothing and becomes reconciled to her as a member of his family



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OLGA NETHERSOLE AND HAMILTON REVELLE IN "SAPHO."
This is the famous "staircase scene" to which the authorities of New Haven strenuously objected. The Chief of Police in that town said he would not permit the performance until he is satisfied that Sapho is to be taken to the attic in "a moral, chaste and orderly manner"

The Strike at the Opera

THE present economical régime at the Metropolitan Opera House resulted in serious difficulties on the night of January 3. It was the first performance this season of Gounod's "Faust" and the first appearance of Signor Caruso in the title rôle. The vast auditorium was crowded to the doors with wealth and fashion and plain, every-day music lovers. Two hours before the curtain rose the choristers went out on strike and the opera had to proceed without them. "Faust" without its choruses is like "Hamlet" without the melancholy prince of Denmark.

The strike lasted exactly three days and was won by the chorus. Mr. Conried came before the curtain at the matinée performance of "Faust" on January 6 and said that he had agreed to raise the choristers' salaries, but that he treated with them as individuals and still declined to recognize their Union. It is not quite clear why Mr. Conried objects so strenuously to recognize a Chorus Union when he is compelled to recognize the Stage Carpenters' Union and the Musical Union. It seems a distinction without a difference. The choristers have been criticised because they presented their demands for more pay in such unceremonious manner, thus ruffling the serenity of the Opera House, but, according to the statement made by the leader of the strikers, the management had been repeatedly asked for more pay ever since the opening of the season, and the requests were ignored. Would the choristers have received more pay if they had not presented an ultimatum and embarrassed the management by going on strike at a critical moment? We give Mr. Conried the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps he would voluntarily have bettered the condition of his chorus without being forced to it, and only precipitated a sensational operatic crisis because he was unwilling to appear to weaken before a show of force.

The chief grievance of the choristers was that they were underpaid. They received only $15.00 a week; and this sum, they declared, was insufficient to support themselves and their families. Mr. Conried admitted the truth of all this, but said he was paying what he agreed to pay, and he insisted on the choristers carrying out their contracts. Mr. Conried admitted, also, that the other grievances formulated by the striking choristers were well founded, such as too long hours at rehearsal, no sleeping accommodation and insufficient extra pay when visiting other cities. The fact that the extra allowance when they were taken to Philadelphia was only 50 cents may give some idea of the munificent monetary arrangements that until recently regulated the chorus at New York's wealthy Opera House. These are not ordinary chorus people, it must be remembered. They are all artists and they have to know German, Italian and French.

American sentiment is usually with the under-dog. A marked characteristic of our people is a love for "the square deal." It is not a square deal to pay starvation wages to the humble yet useful and in fact indispensable chorus when the principal singers, the director and the stockholders are fattening their own bank accounts with prosperity's surplus. During the past two seasons the opera has showed large profits over all expenses. This year it is equally prosperous. The public demand for seats is so great that often one cannot buy tickets. The box office, at times, is literally flooded with money. Caruso and Sembrich and the minor stars receive fabulous sums each time they sing. Why should the humble, useful, indispensable chorister be inadequately paid? From this point of view, we welcome the publicity this matter has received. It will be a lesson to the management not to try to run cheap opera behind the curtain (among helpless subordinates) and expensive opera in front of the house. Let the stockholders and the director make a few thousand dollars less, but let us hear no more of hungry choristers. The self-satisfied, overfed millionaire, yawning over Wagner in his box, would not feel exactly comfortable if he quite realized that the cadaverous looking noble dames and seigneurs on the stage were singing so blithely on empty stomachs!

Byron, N. Y. THE SANCTUARY SCENE IN "IN THE FOOL'S BAUBLE" ACTED BY JESUIT STUDENTS

No Woman May Appear in These Plays

THE stage performance of a play in which the gentle sex is absolutely ignored is something decidedly novel. In Shakespeare's day, 'tis true, women were forbidden to appear upon the boards, yet there have usually been female characters in every play written, and these feminine rôles were acted always by beardless, soft-voiced boys. In most of our college entertainments where the actress is necessarily conspicuous by her absence, this custom of the Elizabethan period has been generally adopted, and the students of Columbia University enjoy a reputation for the realism and skill of their "lady" impersonators. In other colleges, however, the practice has been frowned upon as being undignified, unmanly and harmful in its moral tendency, and in some universities the impersonation of female characters is prohibited altogether. Dramatic students are thus placed in an embarrassing dilemma. If Eve must be entirely tabooed and no boy may take her place, how can the tender passages of the poet not only be convincingly rendered, but given at all?

The Jesuit fathers at St. Francis Xavier's Jesuit College in this city seem to have found the ideal solution. In their performances women are abolished altogether, male characters only being involved in the action of the plays presented. In their most recent production, entitled "In the Fool's Bauble," written by John D. McCarthy and given in the college theatre on West 16th St., Dec. 27th and 28th, not a single female character appeared; and yet despite the absence of women or any lovemaking, the play was interesting and effective. The story deals with the intrigues of Louis XI. of France and the Duke of Burgundy against "Good King René" of Provence, and there is a strong scene in the second act which shows the interior of an abbey, the monks celebrating mass. Thither comes the hard pressed fool who throughout the play acts as the defender and protector of innocence in the person of the good Knight Armand, whose presence on the stage was announced by Parsifal music. The play was well acted and well mounted. The scenery was elaborate and the costuming correct. Incidental music by Charles Van Baar gave opportunity to display some good voices and excellent ensemble singing, particularly in the church scene. Edward S. Dore, who played the part of the Fool, deserves special notice. His impersonation of Louis XI., and imitation of the actor seen as that character, was exceedingly clever.

The performance of plays is a very old custom in all Jesuit colleges. In fact, a dramatic society is an almost essential part of the college course. It is not compulsory for any student to take part in the annual play, but every boy in the four college classes is encouraged to try for a part in the general trials which are held the week before the play is put in rehearsal. The aim of the Jesuit college plays is twofold. The primary object is to give the students an elocutionary training; to enable them to appear in public with that ease, grace and confidence which the Jesuit fathers believe is to be acquired from dramatic training. The second object is to make the student familiar with the wealth of literature that has been cast into dramatic form.

The Xavier College theatre was opened in 1889. Burke Cockran delivered an address and Patrick Gillmore composed a musical poem for the occasion. In May, 1890, the "The Captives" of Plautus was performed in Latin. The students later took this play to Chicago for the World's Fair. On June 1, 1893, the theatre was burned, and the present house, which is equipped with almost every modern stage device, was erected.

When the French actor, Coquelin, was over here, he was given a reception in the college theatre by the Catholic Historical Society, and recited several poems. As a rule, only classic plays are given. Shakespeare is the favorite author. "Richard III," "Julius Cæsar," "King John," "Henry V," "Twelfth Night," have all been performed by the students. "Richelieu" and "The Bells" were given a year or two ago. Augustin Daly frequently lent scenery and properties for the college productions.

The Rev. John D. McCarthy, S.J., is a young scholastic who is, curiously enough, professor of sciences at the college. He is a New York man and was educated at Fordham College. He is a splendid actor and made a name for himself in the Fordham plays. When he joined the Jesuit order after leaving college, he was sent to Georgetown as a professor and also given charge of dramatics. He staged "Richelieu" and several other plays there and then came to St. Francis Xavier's in 1902. He put on "Richard III" that year and "Richelieu" in 1903. Last year, seeking for something which would eliminate the female characters, he decided to try his hand at authorship. The result was "Telemachus," a well-written play and a dramatic novelty.

YVETTE GUILBERT IN HER "CHANSONS CRINOLINE"

YVETTE GUILBERT IN HER "CHANSONS POMPADOUR"

Yvette Guilbert Coming to America Again

ALL those who are familiar with the rare and exquisite art of Yvette Guilbert will rejoice to learn that this unique French artiste will revisit America this month (February) and appear in New York and elsewhere at a series of matinée recitals. Her tour will be under the direction of Charles Frohman and she will be heard in this city at the Empire Theatre.

It is now fifteen years since Yvette Guilbert made her first great success at the Eldorado music hall, in Paris. Previously to that she had been an obscure member of the company at the Bouffes du Nord theatre, and for a brief period she was employed as a cloak model at the Printemps dry goods store. Certainly no one—least of all herself—anticipated the triumph that awaited her at the Eldorado. None could foresee at that time that she was to revive an almost forgotten art, the 17th century chanson, and that she would soon rank among world-artists. Her artistic equipment in those beginnings of her career was meagre enough. It consisted of an original and rather taking personality, a mobile and expressive physiognomy, added to a distinct enunciation and keen intelligence, together with a few songs by the decadent poets of the Latin quarter. Prominent in her répertoire were *La Glu*, a fantastic dirge by Richepin; *La Rouge,* a vivid description of an assassin's progress to the guillotine; *La Soularde*, a squalid picture of an old drunken woman pelted by street urchins; and in lighter vein *La Grand'mère,* a dainty bit of sentiment by Bérenger in which a coquettish old dame rehearses some of the conquests of her youth; and *Le Potache,* an amusing sketch of the French schoolboy. Yvette Guilbert had no voice to speak of, in the ordinary sense, but she sang or rather recited these ditties in a way that made all Paris sit up. It was more than mere singing; she made of each song a masterly characterization. By her art and the rare pathetic quality in her voice she succeeded in creating the perfect illusion; each of the characters conceived by the poet appeared to be actually before the spectators. When one considers that this was accomplished without the aid of either scenery or costumes Yvette Guilbert's claim to the rank of artiste will not be disputed. The only distinctive feature of the singer's costume was a pair of very long black gloves which on her long arms were used with striking effect. In fact, these long black gloves soon became her distinctive mark, and have always been used as such by her imitators. It has been often charged that Yvette Guilbert's songs have double meanings and are intentionally salacious, if not indecent and immoral. This is untrue, and a libel on a fine artiste. Some of the songs in her old répertoire were unquestionably scarlet-hued, but each had the redeeming virtue of wit and poetic quality. None were vulgar, and their suggestiveness, if any existed, would probably not be understood by the immaculate ears that might chance to hear them. In any case, the reputation of the songs does not rest on their suggestiveness, but on their truth, their artistic beauty, their humanity.

Since those days, however, Yvette Guilbert has not only changed her répertoire, but also her form of entertainment. Instead of appearing alone she has organized a concert company which permits of an elaborate musical accompaniment to her songs. The entertainment is called "Deux Siècles de Chansons" and includes selections of famous French songs of the seventeenth century, songs of the later period of 1830 and Chansons Pierrot. When in London and Berlin recently Mme. Guilbert sang these old songs in addition to the old favorites of the undercurrents of Parisian life. She sings them, says a Paris critic, in a novel and delightful fashion, costumed in dainty Pompadour garb and to the accompaniment of the old-fashioned instruments of the

Hall — Amy Grey (Beatrice Agnew) — Mrs. Grey (Ethel Barrymore) — Col. Grey (Bruce McRae) — Stephen (John Barrymore)

ACT II. Col. Grey confronts Stephen with incriminating evidence

gambe, and the viole d'amour. Her orchestra consists entirely of experts, and an immense amount of trouble has been taken and long months spent in research to fit genuine old melodies to the genuine old songs which Mme. Guilbert sings in the dainty *rococo* fashion of the palmy days of *Le Roi Soleil* and of *La Belle Marquise*.

Describing the singer's methods of work a writer in the London *Tatler* says: "All Yvette Guilbert's life is, as she says herself, based upon work. 'I live and think in song series,' she says, and personal observation of her methods has convinced me that this is absolutely true. A scene in the street, a piece of old china, a picture, a curious song, a book, the missing of a train—in a word, any of the plums which clever fingers of a more than usually charming and artistic Jack Horner can pick out of the pie of life —are used by Madame Yvette Guilbert for her purpose. She does not write songs herself, although as her two books, *La Vedette* and *Les Demi-vieilles*, have shown, she possesses a very considerable literary gift, but she inspires them very often, and to work for her is a delightful and artistic collaboration."

Yvette Guilbert is now a wealthy woman and has a magnificent residence in Paris, which she built herself, and also a fine country place overlooking the Seine valley, a few miles out from Paris. About ten years ago, while on her American tour, she married Dr. Max Schiller, an American. She came to America first in 1895 when she appeared at Hammerstein's Olympia. The dates selected for the coming matinée recitals to be given at the Empire Theatre are February 19, 20, 23, 26, and 27, and March 1 and 2. There may also be two Sunday night concerts.

Hall — Fanny (Florence Busby) — Mrs. Grey — Amy

ACT III. The girls give Mrs. Grey their views on theatre-going

Scenes in J. M. Barrie's Play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," at the Criterion

Striking mural decoration showing an old actor pondering past triumphs with the Mask of Tragedy in his hands

Exterior view of M. Coquelin's peaceful retreat for aged actors and actresses, near Couilly-Saint-Germain, Paris

One of M. Bellery-Desfontaine's mural decorations in the dining-room, symbolical of the aged actress resting after life's journey

M. Coquelin's House of Comedians Near Paris

IT was recently the present writer's privilege to see the great French actor, M. Coquelin aîné, in a rôle which is unknown to ordinary international playgoers. They have seen him as the Abbé Constantin, the charitable village priest of Ludovic Halévy's delightful novel; and that is the nearest approach to the part which, one sunny summer afternoon, he played for our special benefit. It was a part for which this generous, world-renowned, warm-hearted actor was admirably suited—that of cicerone at the Maison des Comédiens which, thanks to his untiring efforts for many years past, has just been opened near Couilly-Saint-Germain, a pretty little village situated within an hour's railroad journey from the French capital.

Constant Coquelin, in the centre, showing visitors over the grounds

As M. Coquelin explained how this veritable paradise for old actors and actresses came into being, and the difficulties which had to be overcome in raising money for its establishment, his voice trembled with emotion, and one could almost imagine that the poor Abbé Constantin whom we had seen on the boards of the Gaîté theatre but a few weeks previously was once more playing his part before the footlights.

"It is, indeed, a pleasant duty," said M. Coquelin, as we walked in the grounds of this idyllic retreat, "to show a representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE over the Maison des Comédiens, for it gives me an opportunity of reviewing the work which those who have the interests of members of my profession at heart have accomplished during the past three or four years. You have asked me to tell you the names of my collaborators in this work. First and foremost, let me mention the late Cabinet Minister of France, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who laid the foundation stone two years ago.

"It is sad that death took this great statesman before the opening of an establishment the foundation of which interested him so much! He it was who obtained for us the support of the Government. Through his favor a certain percentage of the winnings of the "Pari Mutuel" or Betting Tax was handed over to our committee by the French Government. And how much do you think we received from that source? No less than 300,000 francs ($60,000). Curious, is it not, that frequenters of our race-courses should have thus indirectly contributed towards a philanthropic establishment? Large though this contribution was, however, it was not sufficient to meet all our needs. We needed $20,000 more for the purchase of this fine estate and the building of the home. And when we had obtained even this additional sum we found still more was wanted for its furnishing. I am glad to say that we have now collected a fund which is almost sufficient to meet all our present and future requirements.

The house of the director, formerly the Château de Pont aux Dames, where the notorious Mme. du Barry took refuge after the outbreak of the Revolution

"The Maison des Comédiens," the great comedian went on, "as you will see for yourself, is already occupied by several actors and actresses, who, in return for a very small sum, can live in comfort to the end of their days. To obtain the right of living here it is necessary for the actor—who

must not be under sixty years of age—to have subscribed the small sum of 400 francs ($80) to our Association; whilst the actress, for a similar subscription, can be received as a boarder at the age of fifty-five. But let me take you over the fine buildings which have been erected by my friend M. René Binet, and then you will be able to judge for yourself."

Retired actresses of the long-ago Paris stage enjoying a quiet game of cards in the grounds

With these words M. Coquelin led us off to inspect the Home. It consists of a commodious *corps de logis,* flanked by two wings, built of millstone and prettily decorated with colored tiles and medallions representing famous actors and actresses of the past. One of the wings, that to the left in the photograph, is occupied by the women, the other being the actors' quarters. A raised walk, reached by flights of steps at each end of he central building, runs the entire length of each wing and the *corps de logis,* where the dining-room, billiard-room and library are situated. On this pleasant promenade the occupants of the home congragate on fine days, unless they prefer to walk in the park or play their quite game at cards in the charming garden facing their rooms. At all times the inmates are free to do what they choose.

One of the inmates, Madame Eugénie Petit, arranging flowers in her little room in the home

These rooms, tastefully decorated in the "Art Nouveau" style, contain simple but comfortable iron bedsteads with spring mattresses; substantial furniture of elm wood, specially designed by M. Binet, and, in the case of the arm chairs, ornamented with the figure of a cock, in honor of Coquelin himself. The greatest care has been shown in decorating and furnishing these combined bed and sitting rooms. I noticed the beautiful yellow curtains at the windows, pointing out to M. Coquelin how pleasantly the light streamed through them, whereupon he exclaimed:

"That color has been chosen intentionally. It is to make the old people think that they have eternal sunshine in their rooms!"

The ornamentation of the large dining-room, where actors and actresses eat together, is more elaborate than that of the bedrooms. Here the walls are covered with extremely fine paintings by M. Bellery-Desfontaines. At one end is a picture of an old actor, sitting in a pensive attitude with his chin on his left hand, and in his right the Mask of Tragedy, which, now that his career is over, he has removed from his face. At the other end is a companion figure of a white-haired actress, likewise resting, in the midst of field-flowers, after her life's labors. This room, like all the others, is lit by electric light and furnished with an elegance which I have never before seen in a charitable institution.

Not far from the Home stands the house of the director, a large building which was formerly known as the Château de Pont-aux-Dames. This building was once a convent; and it was there that the notorious Madame du Barry took refuge at the

The dining room at the Maison des Comédiens, where the old folks sit over dinner and talk of triumphs of other days

time of the Revolution. In the grounds, which are about ten acres in extent, is still to be seen a beautiful spring, known to this day as "Du Barry's spring." The park is well wooded and abounds in numerous nooks and corners, supplied with seats, to which the retired actresses of the Maison des Comédiens can retire to read on hot summer days; to talk over old times and triumphs of other times. Moreover, a small river, the Petit-Morin, well stocked with fish, runs through the grounds; so that those actors who have a fondness for angling can pass their leisure hours rod in hand.

With such ideal surroundings as these, is it surprising that the occupants of M. Coquelin's Home are delighted with their placid lot? All spoke in the highest terms of their new quarters.

"I am as happy as a queen," exclaimed Mme. Brunette Wal a cousin of the great Rachel. "This is a perfectly heavenly place."

"It is fairy-land," interjected Mme. Eugénie Petit. "Never have I been so happy; never have I had such a feeling of peace and rest!"

"Yes, indeed," joined in Mme. Robert, "we are in clover and no mistake. Why, I feel as though I had 100,000 francs a year! We have all the advantages of a large income—splendid quarters, a park, and excellent board—yet with none of the responsibilities of the world."

"And I call Pont-aux-Dames a paradise," chimed in Mme. Demiremont, an old lady of eighty—the oldest actress at Couilly-Saint-Germain—in a feeble voice. *"Un vrai paradis, vous savez!"*

Much the same was told me by the old actors, including M. Donval, who pointed out how free the life was at the Maison des Comédiens. "That is where Coquelin has shown great intelligence," M. Donval said. "He knows how accustomed we actors and actresses are to freedom, and what folly it would be to coop us in, as they do in other homes. Here we have absolute liberty. If it pleases us to go to Paris to see our friends we can do so at a moment's notice; and when we get tired of the Boulevards we can return to our home, perfectly certain that our rooms will be ready to receive us and that our knives and forks will be laid at table."

LIONEL BARRYMORE IN "THE PANTALOON"

A final remark made by an old actor: "I am so comfortable here that I no longer regret I have been a failure on the stage." Better than any others these words express how admirable a place is the *maison de retraite* of Couilly-Saint-Germain, and what it means to these retired actors and actresses of the French stage, whose remaining years may now pass in comfort, security, sweetness and peace.

The American actor has similar havens of rest in which to take refuge in his hour of need. The splendidly endowed Edwin Forrest Home near Philadelphia, and the Actors' Home on Staten Island—both of which institutions have been fully described in this magazine—stand perpetual monuments to the generosity of the actor towards his fellow-player.

W. G. Fitz Gerald.

Averardo Borsi, a journalist of Livorno, Italy, has made a hit with his first play. It is called "The Dominator," a public man who so subjugates the multitude that nothing can resist him. At the same time he shows himself weak and sentimental in his family life.

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

My Beginnings

By DAVID WARFIELD

IT was always in me to go on the stage, but it only took full possession of me, obsessed me, as it were, while I was an usher at the Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco. I was there for four years at a salary —or I suppose I should call it wages—of four dollars a week. Four dollars are wages, aren't they? Four hundred dollars are a salary.

David Warfield at 11

David Warfield as he looked when he came to New York to seek his fortune on Broadway

It was while I was an usher that I induced the manager of a fly-by-night company to engage me for the part of Melta Moss in "The Ticket of Leave Man" at thirteen dollars a week. It was a sad experience in more than one way. Our tour lasted only one week. I had my first knowledge of the tormenting mysteries of "make-up." Melta Moss had to have a large nose, and I knew nothing of false ones. I went to a glazier's shop and bought some putty, constructing a nose from that. The putty warmed and melted and dripped, and Melta Moss might, by all the laws of fitness, have been rechristened Melting Nose.

We opened at Napa, Cal., not in a theatre, but a sort of town hall reserved for barn stormers. Business was most unflatteringly poor and the management undertook to boom it by putting a lady's watch in a shop window and announcing that it was to be given to the lucky woman whose ticket for Saturday's matinee corresponded to the number on the watch. Nobody came to the matinee, not even a small boy, not a gallery god, not a soul. We had to wash up and go home.

I went back to my work at the Bush Street Theatre and glad I was to have my four dollars and perquisites again, although for a week I had been an actor. Four months later I went out again with a répertoire company. I played an old man in "The Queen's Shilling" at twenty dollars a week. That was because I told the manager that I had made a big hit the week I was an actor. There was no one there to deny or contradict me. We, too, played for just one week. Again I came back to the Bush Street Theatre. I had hired a substitute usher for the week. You see I was wise. I had had my suspicions of that company.

Warfield as a burlesque Anna Held

Afterwards I told stories that I made up myself and gave imitations of actors I had seen, at clubs and lodges. This was volunteer work. No one sought me out. I asked for the chance and I got no pay. One of the bits that pleased the club people was a story about a quarrel in a Jewish lodge. I afterwards elaborated that and used it in specialties in New York.

Then came the fiasco at the Wigwam in San Francisco. It was a specialty house where ten cents was the price of admission. Conditions were against me. I was frightened. I was second on the bill. People were coming in. Those who had arrived were rattling beer glasses. I would fail now under those conditions. At all events I failed to get over the footlights. My friends who were in the house cheered me, but the rest hissed.

It was a terrible ordeal, but it was a good thing for me. It made me decide to go to New York and submit to the general test. If I had in me what I believed I had, there would be a chance for me there, I convinced myself. If not, the sooner I found it out the better. I got up a benefit for myself at Dashaway Hall on Post Street. Some amateur friends helped me out with the programme. We cleared about one hundred dollars. That paid for my journey across the continent, and I reached New York with forty-five dollars in my pocket.

I arrived at the Liberty Street ferry station and asked my way from a policeman. He directed me to Broadway, and I started to walk to Forty-sixth Street where a friend had engaged a room for me. I walked and walked and gradually the size of New York dawned upon my San Francisco consciousness. But I had no intention of taking a car, and a cab I would have thought a maniacal extravagance. I walked until I reached the Hoffman House. I had heard of that hotel and I went in and looked around. It gave me a homesick turn and I hurried out and walked on up Broadway. At last I took a car and rode to Forty-sixth Street. I found the room my friend had engaged for me. It was an ordinary front room, shabby enough and cheap enough for most persons, but not cheap enough for me. I hunted up a room on Thirty-eighth Street near Eighth Avenue. By a curious coincidence it was just such a room as the miserable attic in the last act of "The Music Master." It was railed in like that, no partitions, no comfort, nothing but the landlady demanding and receiving her rent regularly. That rent was $1.75 a week. I ate only when I had to, not when I was merely hungry, but when I was terribly hungry. I could get two rolls and a cup of coffee at a bake shop around the corner on Eighth Avenue for six cents, and that bakeshop had me for a faithful, though somewhat irregular patron.

I tried the concert halls without success for three weeks. Finally I found a man, the proprietor of a place on Eighth Avenue, near Thirtieth Street, and I think it was called Paine's Concert Hall, who listened while I told him how great I was. He was interested, but not convinced. He said he wanted to see what I

Warfield as a burlesque laird in "Trilby"

could do. So I climbed to the platform, and, with the proprietor for an audience, gave my specialty that the people of the Wigwam hadn't liked. The Eighth avenue patrons, who had paid the same fee to get in, did like it. They gave me a chance, for they listened. My engagement was a success, as I measured successes then, for I lasted for a week and was not discharged. The proprietor paid me fifteen dollars. I would have signed with him for ten years if he had asked me, but he didn't.

The Coleman House, now the Metropolitan Hotel, was a favorite resort of actors and managers at that time. William A. Brady lived there when he was in town, and in the corridor I met him one day. I asked him if he had anything for me and he said he had not. But in a few days I passed him in the lobby. He was talking with another manager, but he nodded to me and raised his hand. I understood that to be a signal to wait for him and I did.

He came over to me and said, "I've got 'The Inspector.'" That was a play about police life in New York that had failed here and that he intended taking on the road to see what could be done with it there. He said: "Can you play a jay?" "O yes," I answered with inspiring confidence. "Then I'll engage you to play the jay and put your specialty in the last act." "All right," I said. "What salary do you want?" "I don't know anything about salaries," I admitted. "I will leave that to you." "I'll give you twenty-five," he said. Twenty-five dollars a week! I wanted to shout for joy, but restrained myself and tried to look as though something very ordinary had happened to me. Mr. Brady gave me the name of his stage manager and said: "Go around there to-morrow morning and get your part."

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ALICE NIELSEN IN "DON PASQUALE"

The next morning I was there a half hour before the time and waiting to see the stage manager. When he came he gave me a staggering blow. "That part's taken," he said. "But Mr. Brady sent me." "I don't care about that," he said. "I tell you the part's taken," and he went in and closed the stage door with a slam. My heart sank down into my boots.

I hurried back to see Mr. Brady. He was in bed, but that didn't matter. I ran up to his room and rapped loudly. He let me in and I told him of my interview with the stage manager. He said just one word, "Wait." He dressed and went around to the stage door with me. "Scratch that name," he said to the stage manager. "I've engaged this man."

That was very nice of Mr. Brady, I thought, and I've put him down in my book of men who have helped me toward success. I went out with "The Inspector" and played until the company closed, eleven weeks. Of my twenty-five a week I saved a third.

"I began the next morning after our return to look for another engagement. A man whom I knew told me to go up to see Mark Murphy. "Tell him I sent you," he said. Mr. Murphy saw me, but he, like the proprietor of the Eighth avenue music hall, wanted proof. I had to give an exhibition there before the company. I didn't like it, but I wanted an engagement. I was engaged on the spot.

The star whispered to me. "Tell everybody you get sixty a week." That gave me strength to ask for thirty-five a week. The manager and I compromised on thirty, with a promise of thirty-five if I made a hit. I finished the season with that company. It was "O'Dowd's Neighbors," and I played the part of an Irishwoman. When we returned from the tour it seemed to me I was sufficiently prosperous to order a suit from a Fifth avenue tailor. I was convinced that it pays to dress well. My salary, which was thirty, and would become thirty-five if I made a hit, was raised to that figure the second week. I was beginning to taste the sweets of prosperity, but my hard times were not over.

John Russell engaged me at forty-five a week to go out in the Number 2 company of "The City Directory." After a few weeks of one-night stands he sent for me to play with the Number 1 company in Boston at fifty a week. I owe a great deal to Mr. Russell. It was he who sent out advance notices of his next attraction, "The Review," in which he said: "David Warfield will climb to the top of the ladder and yet control his head."

It was his kindness to me that made me conclude to join my fortunes with his to the last. We all saw that his reason was failing and that his ventures were bound to go to pieces. His company began leaving him, one by one. He said to me: "You won't leave me, Dave?" And I answered carelessly, "Oh, no, I will stay with you to the end." "What do you mean?" he cried out in alarm. "Oh, nothing," I answered, trying to soothe him. "I meant that I would stay with you always."

The company disbanded in Philadelphia when we heard that he had been taken to a sanitorium in New York. We didn't get our salaries for a good many weeks, but to me that didn't matter. I had been glad to do something for the man who had given me a hand. There are so few in the theatrical business.

Sarony JOBYNA HOWLAND
Playing a leading rôle in "The Ham Tree." Miss Howland was one of the original Gibson models

A hard experience came to me when I played the country boy in "The Nutmeg Match," and the management determined to have me introduce a specialty beside my other work. I didn't want to do the specialty. It didn't fit into the scheme of my part or the play, but I had to. The star refused to appear if I did the specialty, and the management said I must appear in it at all events. She resigned and another woman filled out the engagement. I was sorry to be the indirect cause of the trouble, but I could not help it.

After "The Nutmeg Match" things went well with me. Critics began to predict a future for me. George W. Lederer engaged me for the series of burlesques at the Casino, and from there I went to Weber & Fields.

To Mr. Belasco I owe more than to anyone else. What other manager would have taken a clown out of a burlesque and develop in him the power to bring an audience to tears?

Hall

Ethel Barrymore (Mrs. Grey) Beatrice Agnew (her daughter)

Scene in J. M. Barrie's New Play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," at the Criterion Theatre

The Palatial New Home of the Lambs' Club

Photos Byron, N. Y.

Corner of the grill room

Exterior of the Lambs' Club

Corner of the grill room

THERE is an impression prevalent that actors, when it comes to saving money, are not very successful. When they unite, however, for a common purpose, some might call it a selfish one, they are irresistible. What co-operation in brains, energy and economy has secured for one band of Thespians is graphically emphasized in that splendid monument of comfort, convenience and beauty, the Lambs' new clubhouse at 130 West Forty-fourth Street, this city.

In this great town, where competition is so keen, nothing feels the strain and stress more than a young club seeking to establish itself. A great many are projected with admirable intentions, and almost as many go to the wall. The Lambs at one stage of their career just missed the rocks of bankruptcy, but through the clear-headedness of a few enthusiastic pilots this admirable theatrical craft was successfully steered into the peaceful waters of financial calm. It had advanced from a mere dining club into an organization of resolved purpose—from rooms it had a clubhouse of its own when "the sheriff and his crew, his blooming boys in blue," threatened to put a quietus upon its future existence. Then it was that the opportunists came to the front. Credit was restored, a business administration was put in effect and the sharp corner of adversity was happily turned. Not to mention those who effected such a successful coup would be invidious. They were: Augustus Thomas, Paul Arthur, Fritz Williams, Thomas B. Clarke, John A. Stow, Norman F. Cross, Samuel Bancroft, Jr., Clarence L. Collins, Thomas Manning, Charles Frohman and Charles W. Thomas.

Corner of the library

From that point on success smiled upon the Lambs, and in 1897 it purchased No. 70 West Thirty-sixth street, a four story house which McKim, Mead & White, (Stanford White in particular) did over with all that artistic skill so associated with the achievements of that firm. There was a mortgage then of $36,000 on the property, but within a year it was all wiped out, and in its stead there was a surplus of $31,000. This tremendous result was accomplished by the enthusiastic co-operation of the individual Lambs. It was in the spring of that year that the All-Star Minstrel Show was given. Such an aggregation of talent was never before

Corner of the dining room

gathered together. Stars by the dozen gathered in the black-faced semicircle and olio. Only eight cities were visited, and yet in a single week the various treasurers totalled up the magnificent sum of $67,000.

The Lambs now were perfectly established. There was a big waiting list, the then present accomodations were inadequate, and at a general meeting of the club it was resolved that it should have a permanent fold of an enlarged character, and for this purpose nearly a third of a million dollars was voted. McKim, Mead & White were again secured as architects, and after the usual delays now incident on all building operations in this city, the Lambs moved into their new clubhouse in September last.

From subcellar to roof it is a model of its kind. It occupies two city lots, and its façade, a combination of Renaissance and Colonial, is composed of brick, terra-cotta and marble.

So endeared were the members to the arrangement of the old house, that in the building of the new, the architects have endeavored to carry out as much as possible the original scheme. Thus it is that the new in form is like the old, save that additional room and corresponding comfort have been secured. "Below stairs" the every requirement of an enlarged private house is at hand. The kitchens are models of up-to-date necessity—laundries, steam rooms, electrical generators, servants' halls—and are planned out with ingenuity and effectiveness.

Through the white Colonial door one enters from the street through a vestibule of marble into a spacious corridor. Here are the offices, telephone booths, letter boxes, and a reception room for guests. It is all bright, cheerful and airy, with a tinge of hominess not often found in buildings of its size.

Directly in the rear is the grill room, with its red tiled flooring. Thirty-four feet square, it is finished in dark wood. Its old-fashioned tables and quaint stools give it the appearance of an inn of ye olden tyme. The stone mantlepiece, a fine specimen of antique carving, came from an old Italian palace. Still further in the rear, and running to the end of the lot, is the bar and billiard room, similarly decorated.

Dining rooms and lounging rooms occupy the entire second floor. Decorated in white, red and gold, the arrangement of partitions is such that by their removal a banquet hall ninety by ninety-five feet is secured.

The library, on the third floor front, is of dark oak with furnishings of green, while in the rear, to the theatrical heart most dear, is the crowning glory of the clubhouse, a charming and perfectly appointed little theatre, with gallery seating some three hundred persons. The capacity had to be limited, as any excess in this figure would have compelled the building to be erected under the laws governing the construction of regular playhouses. The stage is perfect in its completeness. Not a detail is lacking that is not found in a Broadway theatre. The arrangements at the back of the stage are such that the usual bedrooms on the floors above may be utilized as dressing rooms. In the hall leading to the auditorium is a magnificent pipe organ, paid for by voluntary subscriptions. The woodwork of the theatre is light oak, appropriately carved and highly outlined in gold. James F. Finn, whose decorative work is such an artistic feature of the new Lyceum Theatre, has designed the ceiling and will later execute it, while above the gallery mural paintings will be put in place under the direction of Robert Reid, who, with other well-known artists, will paint the same.

Of the many attractions which the Lambs has to offer there is perhaps no more popular phase of its social life than the series of six or eight Gambols which are annually given during the theatrical season. With the cream of the profession to draw from for players, the brightest lights of the dramatic literary would

Byron, N. Y.

THE THEATRE OF THE LAMBS' CLUB, NEW YORK

Sarony

IDA CONQUEST.

Now playing the part of Agnes Colt in "On the Quiet" with Mr. Collier. Later she will be seen in "The Heart of a Sparrow"

contribute short sketches, burlesques on current plays, satirical interludes, operettas and even serious little dramas. Augustus Thomas, Clay M. Greene, E. E. Kidder, Edgar Smith, Rupert Hughes and John L. Golden, almost a lambkin—the latest member to be taken into the fold is styled a lambkin—are constant contributors to these programmes. That they please and delight goes without saying. "The Squaw Man," so successful at Wallack's, was originally written as a one-act sketch for the Lambs by Edwin Milton Royle and later elaborated by him into its present successful form. Once a year a programme made up of some of the more successful sketches is presented at a metropolitan playhouse. Tickets for it can only be secured through the members, and this annual institution has now beome a fixed source of substantial income to the club.

The top floors of the building are devoted to living rooms, models of comfort and convenience, which are rented to members at figures most reasonable. To the tired and disgusted player, after weeks on the road, they seem a veritable haven of delight.

The spirit of the Lambs is one of true social and artistic democracy. The principal membership is made up very largely from the theatrical ranks, but there is a liberal leavening of the other professions, and an evening spent within its hospitable walls is certain to prove of keen intellectual pleasure and unalloyed merriment. When Delmonico's flourished at the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street, George H. McLean, during the Christmas week of 1874, gave a supper to a number of congenial souls. So pleasurable was the occasion that it was resolved to effect a permanent organization, and at the suggestion of Henry J. Montague, the then leading man at Wallack's, and one of the handsomest and most popular actors who ever graced that historic position, it was called the Lambs after a London dining club to which he had belonged. He was its first Shepherd, as its leading officer is described. Its monthly dinners, held at various hotels, became so popular that permanent club quarters were obtained over a saloon on Broadway next to Wallack's, then at Thirteenth street, and in the following year, 1877, it was duly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. Its next move was in 1880, when it took the house No. 34 West Twenty-sixth street. Here some of the most brilliant dinners and functions in its history were given, but the financial shadow was hideously present, and a move was subsequently made to cheaper quarters in Twenty-ninth street. By this time, however, the tide had turned, and the next moves were to 26 West Thirty-first street and then to 70 West Thirty-sixth street. To cite the names of those who have been prominent in its affairs would be to print the roster of the theatrical profession for the last two decades. An organization of cheerful good comradeship and indisputable talent, its club motto seems more than appropriate:

"Floreat Agni."

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith, says the London *Stage*, has been giving his views to a Manchester paper on the state of the stage generally, and in particular with reference to the recent pronouncement of Mr. H. A. Jones, summed up in the word "tomfoolery." Mr. Grossmith deplores the hold musical comedy has taken upon the people, and regards it as a demoralizing influence on the playgoer. He remarks: "Unless some very remarkable acting comes up from somewhere, goodness knows where the British stage will get to. There will be only a few theatres that will be able to live with dramatic fare. There is a new generation every ten years, but the young men of to-day are 'born and bred' into musical comedy, and know of nothing else."

Yvette Guilbert, in an article on the same subject published in the London *Standard* says: "The quality of the British theatrical audiences has suffered a great deal from the influence of dramatic literature—"a kind of uniform or lame art which is altogether without decisive strength." French dramatic literature, contends the writer, has always owed its glory to the human frankness of its behavior towards those audiences which it has made a point of enlightening. All the British public wants is happy endings, as if life consisted of nothing else. The average man only goes to the theatre to laugh, and that the idea of a writer is not respected if the effect he produces drives the public to thought. She thinks much improvement to the English stage would come from a subsidized theatre devoted to classic plays.

Schloss

MERCEDES LEIGH

Recently seen as Salome at the Berkeley Lyceum

Sir John Falstaff

Henry VIII Gateway to Windsor Castle

Mrs. Ford

Where Shakespeare Set His Stage

*No. 6. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

TO determine the period of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" is easier than for almost any other of his plays. Taking this drama in connection with the first and second parts of "Henry IV.," in which several of the same characters appear, we learn that Sir John Falstaff, the one time boon companion of the madcap Prince Hal of Wales, fell into disgrace when the Prince became King Henry V. of England, a date given as 1412 or 1413, according to the authority. In the play with which we are now concerned, Falstaff is still in favor at court, for in Act IV., Scene VI., he says: "If it should come to the ear of the court—they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear." Fenton, too, is in disgrace with the father of "Sweet Anne Page" for having "kept company with the Wild Prince and Poins." The Prince's father, Henry IV., was not crowned king until 1399, so somewhere between these two dates we may set the time when the gay Falstaff carried on his luckless wooing of Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.

The town of Windsor, nestled at the base of Windsor Castle, is quaint and picturesque enough, even in these modern days, to enable one to conjure up scenes of early fifteenth century days without too great a strain upon the imagination. Windsor was first chosen for a royal residence by William the Conqueror, and the present structure is the accumulation of many builders, during many reigns. The present visitors' entrance, known as the Henry VIII Gateway, was, of course, unknown to the "Merry Wives" and their townspeople; the grand entrance in the south front of the castle had not then been built, nor the beautiful St. George's Chapel, hung with the banners of the Knights of the Garter, although the founder of the Order of the Garter, Edward III., was born at Windsor. Eton College, of which there is so fine a view from the terrace of the castle, was not built until thirty years later, but it is not difficult to find localities which the characters of the play might have frequented. The old curfew tower still looks down upon Windsor town, though now upon modern shops and houses, but there are many nooks and corners to reward the seeker for antiquity. It need not be hard

The old Curfew tower

Famous Long Walk in Windsor Park

Old street in Windsor

*Other articles in this series have described the localities of "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice"

to picture the "Garter Inn" for one who is familiar with England. Even if one to your liking be not discovered in Windsor itself, construct it on the pattern of any of the many fifteenth century inns to be found scattered over England, with low, raftered ceilings, small windows, "red lattice windows" for an alehouse; install therein the nameless "Host," and the fat "Sir John Sack and Sugar," with his followers Bardolph, Pistol and Nym, the latter the traitor who betrayed his master to the indignant Ford and Page, thus helping their merry wives in carrying out their designs upon their unwelcome suitor.

In the old street shown in the illustration, we may select houses for both the Pages and Fords. They must have been near neighbors, since Mrs. Page was always able to arrive on the scene at the proper moment to warn, with apparent alarm, her friend Mrs. Ford of the near approach of her irate husband. From one of these doors then Falstaff might have been carried in the basket, on the shoulders of two strong serving men, and strong indeed they must have been, if they carried out to the letter Mrs. Ford's instructions to "trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side," for Datchet meadow is a good half-mile from Windsor, and it would be no easy task to carry the corpulent Falstaff for such a distance, especially as he would be apt to offer resistance before the half-mile was accomplished, amid such unpleasant surroundings. Probably they relented, since, when ordered to carry the basket the second time, not knowing what it contained, they remarked to each other: "Pray Heaven it be not full of the knight again," and the other that "I would as lief bear so much lead."

Falstaff, in complaining of his treatment at the hands of the objects of his admiration on this occasion, bemoans having been dropped in the river itself, where he "had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow," but he makes no mention of the muddy ditch.

To one of the upper rooms of the Ford house, with the quaint windows, Falstaff could retire on the occasion of his second visit to the house, to don the attire of Mrs. Ford's "maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford," in which he made his second escape, after a sound beating at the hands of the infuriated Ford, though none seemed to penetrate the disguise, as slight as any stage disguise of to-day, save possibly the old Welsh parson, Sir Hugh Evans, who declared the woman must be a witch indeed, since he spied a great beard under her muffler. Ford was evidently too blinded with rage to pay attention to this broad hint as to the real identity of "Mother pratt."

In another of the old houses then, "fair Mistress Anne Page," with her "brown hair," and speaking "small, like a woman," "pretty, honest, and gentle," according to Dame Quickly's testimony, laid plans to escape from the rival husbands chosen for her by father and mother, and to wed the man of her choice, Fenton. The father was too blind, the mother too busy plotting with Mrs. Ford fresh ridiculous situations in which to involve "Falstaff, unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, compound of sense and vice, of sense which may be admired but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested," as Johnson describes him, to suspect the plans and schemes of their daughter.

Windsor Park was then, as now, a favorite strolling place. Ford invites his friends to take a walk there with him, that he may cool his jealous temper after his second unsuccessful effort to catch the knight, and several times during the play various characters allude to the walk to Frogmore, such a favorite one nowadays, by way of the famous "Long Walk," shaded by its magnificent old oaks.

It was in Ford's house that the merry conspirators finally divulged their schemes to their husbands, enlisting their assistance in their last appointment with the deluded Falstaff. In Windsor Park may be found many an aged oak, doubtless differing slightly in appearance from the veritable "Herne's Oak," round which, "at still midnight," Herne the hunter walked, shaking his chain "in a most hideous and dreadful manner," but the true wreck of the original is said to have been rooted out, together with other old and decayed trees, in the time of George the Third, owing to a misunderstanding of the king's orders. Around the original old tree the final scene of the comedy takes place. This was the last tryst given Sir John; thither was Anne Page bidden by her mother, to assist as one of the band of supposed malignant fairies, who were to heap the final indignities.

In Windsor Park at midnight then, not so far from the castle but that its bell may be heard booming the hour, those who wish may visit the last scene, conjuring up the supposed fairies who made the "dance of custom round about the oak of Herne the Hunter."

ELISE LATHROP.

Otto Sarony Co.

MISS EMILY DODD

Playing leading rôles with Robert Mantell. Attracted attention for her Queen Elisabeth and careful, scholarly reading in the Shakespeare plays

HUBERT CARTER

English actor now playing the second husband in Olga Nethersole's production of "The Labyrinth." Was two years leading man to Ellen Terry

Henry Irving's Treasures

THE artistic treasures collected by the late Henry Irving were sold by auction in London recently and many of the precious articles fetched large prices. The extent and variety of these curios astonished even Irving's friends.

Irving's bookplate

"The actor's flat in Stratton Street, says the London *Sketch,* is filled with books, pictures, statuettes, bronzes, prints, stage ornaments, miniatures, presentation caskets, trowels, and other items of interest all more or less directly associated with the stage life and work of their lamented owner. In the entrance-hall one sees the late Onslow Ford's beautiful statuette of the dead actor as Hamlet; and in the study where he worked, often to the detriment of his health, is a statuette that shows him as Mathias in "The Bells." In this same study are portraits of Dickens and Toole, Leigh Hunt and Tennyson, to say nothing of the little dog, Fussy, to whom the actor was so devoted. In the drawing-room, one of the most interesting pieces of furniture is the cabinet that contains perhaps the greater part of the ornaments worn by Irving in his different plays. Included among these is the miniature worn by Macready in "Hamlet," which, it may be remembered, he first played in 1811 at Newcastle. Turning back again, in the entrance-hall one may see a big collection of walking-sticks, including the one used by Sir Henry in "Olivia." This malacca cane belonged in its time to Tom King, who carried it when he played the part of Sir Peter Teazle. There are swords, too, including those used in "Faust" and "Robespierre." The walls of the hall have many interesting pictures, including one of David Garrick as Hamlet; a fine portrait of Dante, given by an admirer in memory of the actor's performance in the play of that name; and the sketches made by Alma-Tadema for "Coriolanus." A picture of Irving by Whistler, the original "Macbeth" sketches by Gustave Doré, and some drawings by Barnard are, perhaps, the pick of a collection that is of unrivalled interest to those whom the theatre attracts.

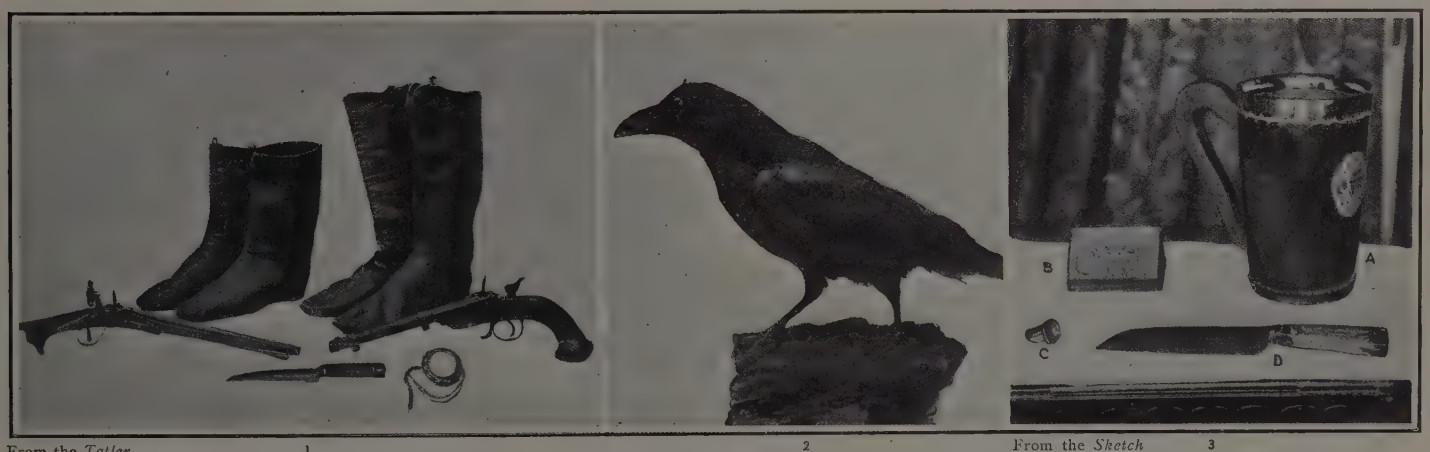
From the *Tatler* THE EMPTY CHAIR. IRVING'S STUDY

From the *Sketch*

(A) The "look upon this picture" miniature used by Macready as Hamlet. (B) Buckles worn at Covent Garden Theatre by Macready. (C) A purse that belonged to Edmund Kean. (D) The star worn by Irving as Charles I. (E) A stage dagger. (F) The Waterloo medal worn by Irving in "Waterloo." (G) A fob (once the property of Danton) worn by Irving in "The Dead Heart." (H) The pistol used by Irving in "Peter the Great"

"Among the great actors who are recalled in some fashion or another by souvenirs that Sir Henry Irving had collected in the old days of Grafton Street, and took with him to his flat, one may mention, in addition to David Garrick and Tom King, Edmund Kean, J. L. Toole, Squire Bancroft, W. Chippendale, Macready, and many others who, while their names are less familiar to the general public, were justly esteemed in their profession.

"Very little more than a casual survey is needed to convince the visitor that, in spite of the large number of souvenirs, every article belonging to Sir Henry Irving had an intimate and direct claim upon his regard. To those friends who remembered his early history, with its heavy load of cares and scanty reward, there was much in these cosy rooms to recall the earlier times, for some of the souvenirs belong to a period when Irving had not come to his kingdom and seemed unlikely to do so. That he was a philosopher, able to estimate the world's gifts, good and bad, at their proper value, is suggested by the number and quality of his books. He was a great and discerning reader, giving to study many of the hours that lesser men would have devoted to recreation. His library is an extensive one, chosen with care and taste, and including many books as beautifully wrought by printer and binder as by the author himself. Perhaps the actor's book-shelves carry a sufficient refutation of the charges brought against him that he did not encourage modern playwrights. He was closely in touch with the literary movement of his time, and it is fair to suggest that he knew the work that was being done around him by poets and professed playwrights. The first feeling of the man who visited Irving in Stratton Street is one of regret that the collections that made the rooms remark-



From the *Tatler* 1 2 From the *Sketch* 3

1. Kemble's boots. Kean's boots as worn in "Richard III." Pistols used by Sir Henry Irving in "The Lyons Mail" and in "Peter the Great." Medallion given him by Jean Sully Mounet. Knife used by Kean as Shylock. 2. Raven bought at the sale of Charles Dickens's treasures at Gad's Hill. This is the famous raven that Dickens immortalized in "Barnaby Rudge." It died in 1841 and was succeeded by another raven, which Dickens lost in 1845. Daniel Maclise sketched a memorial card of Raven No. 1. 3. (A) A "Black Jack" that belonged to Oliver Cromwell. (B) The silver snuff-box used by Macready as Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons." (C) One of David Garrick's rings. (D) The knife used by Kean as Shylock

able are to be scattered to the four quarters of the earth. Later, that feeling passes. It is impossible to overlook the fact that all the curios and articles of vertu were, in a certain restricted sense, part of Irving's life, and were so intimately associated with him that to keep them together now, when the master has gone, would only help to accentuate the sense of his loss. They had so distinct a relation to him that if we were to revisit the rooms and find them in their old familiar places the regret at the master's absence would be doubly keen. But if they pass to hundreds of homes, and it is no exaggeration to say that there is ample material for so wide a disposition, they will keep his memory green in many places where there are friends to regret that an actor's memory is necessarily short-lived. So soon as the generation that knew the man has passed, his memory will fade, and to young people who did not know him in his prime he cannot be a long-lived memory. And yet he was one of the best-loved of men. You have but to look through his rooms to realize that, while many of the souvenirs that have come his way are, of course, the gifts of personal friends who felt his magnetism, there are others, many others, that come from those who knew him only on the stage, and could feel even across the intervening footlights that they were in the presence of one of the most simple-hearted and lovable of men. And Henry Irving gave to the tributes of unknown friends the same care and attention he bestowed on gifts from members of his own circle."

The literature that has been printed about Irving is considerate. Austin Brereton, long an intimate friend of Sir Henry, has issued the first chapter of a big biography with Irving's corrections in it effected. The volume is rendered permanently valuable by a complete list of the parts created by Sir Henry.

Another Old Morality Play Produced in England

THE success of the old morality play "Everyman" presented in America by Ben Greet has encouraged others to dig up another of these quaint pieces from the dust of the Middle Ages. The English Drama Society produced at Bloomsbury Hall, London, on Dec. 12, 13 and 14, the old morality called "The Interlude of Youth" which was first printed in 1554, although the play itself is of much earlier date. Its great rarity may account for the fact that hitherto it has escaped general notice, as only two or three copies of the original edition are existent.

"Though less awe-inspiring in its dénouement than "Everyman," says the London *Stage*, "The Interlude of Youth" is, nevertheless, exceedingly impressive, and it was presented with great care on the archaic lines befitting its simple plot. There are only six speaking characters—Charity, Youth, Riot, Pride, Luxury, and Humility—besides a couple of Angels. After a procession of monks and acolytes, bearing lighted candles and singing "Adeste Fideles," had passed through the hall, and a pair of Angels had taken up their places at either side of the canopy, the action, continuous throughout, and lasting for about an hour, commenced with the entrance of Charity, also winged, sent from Heaven to induce mankind, and Youth in particular, to amend their ways and seek mercy for their misdeeds. Youth, well shown as a bold, defiant, stalwart swain, exulting in his strength, flouts at his gentle visitor (who had a most winsome, sweet, and properly ecstatic exponent), and prefers instead the society of his brother Riot, full of jollity, and made a rubicund, robustious personage as now acted. Riot recommends Master Pride as a servant of price, and Pride introduces his sister Luxury (suitably represented) as a meet companion for Youth. The latter has qualms of conscience even before he is taken off to the alehouse by his comrades, who cruelly chain Charity hand and foot to the whipping post, Pride meanwhile singing, sonorously in the present case, the merry ditty, "I mun be married on Sunday," from "Ralph Roister Doister." While the revellers are away Charity is released from bondage by her sister Humility, here represented in appropriately grave and sedate manner; and when Youth, still uncertain of his future course, returns, the sisters assail him, pertinaciously, Charity finally winning him over with her explanation of "What God hath bought." Youth then formally forsakes Riot and Pride, who abandon him reluctantly, but in dudgeon; and next he disappears for a while, to return anon, clad in the white robe of confession, to accept the sacramental cup offered him by one of the Angels. Then Charity and Humility, quietly exultant in that they have saved one soul, offer benedictions for the audience, and the morality is over. The text is full of fine passages, written in nervous, trenchant English, both vernacular and ornate, which would well bear reproduction."

From *Sketch*, London

THE ANGEL IN "THE INTERLUDE OF YOUTH"

The play will probably be seen in America later. That there is an audience here for pieces of the kind was proved by the extraordinary reception given to "Everyman," the financial success of which gave Charles Frohman, its manager, the surprise of his life. He had imported it merely as an artistic freak and it actually made money. It is, indeed, surprising that our amateur dramatic organizations and church stage societies do not present these moralities more often. They inculcate moral lessons better than any sermon ever preached and they give opportunity for picturesqueness in costume and also for elocution and acting. Plays of this character would assuredly be more worth while the efforts of the Progressive Stage Society, than the lucubrations of the erotic Wilde. No one could see "Everyman" and not be moved to better impulses, which is more than can be said for the pieces of the "Salome" stamp.

The interior of Mr. Gillette's "shack" in the mountains of North Carolina, showing the commodious desk made after the playwright's own design

The North Carolina Home of William Gillette

IT is only a few years ago that the critical condition of William Gillette's health caused the deepest concern both to his friends and his many admirers among the public. Strong and rugged as the well-known actor-playwright looks and is to-day, he seemed at that time to be sinking rapidly into a decline. His physicians insisted on his giving up all professional work and taking a prolonged rest in some health-giving climate. The dramatist, whose plays "The Private Secretary," "Held by the Enemy," "All the Comforts of Home," had already made him rich and famous, was broken in spirit as well as in body, and turning his weary steps towards North Carolina, he travelled through the western mountains of that State until he came to the little village of Tryon. Impressed by the picturesque surroundings of the place he let the train proceed without him and he tarried awhile in the little mountain community. The lonely isolation of this oasis in the wilderness appealed to this weary man in search of quiet from the noise of the feverish city, and like many another artist and man of letters—and the list of those who have felt the charm of this delightful locality is a long one—Mr. Gillette decided to pitch his camp here. He purchased a large tract of land a mile or two out from the village and built on it what he called his "shack." He gave to the place the name "Thousand Pines."

Of course, nothing conventional would suit Mr. Gillette. He took delight in avoiding the commonplace, and it must be acknowledged that he has succeeded admirably. The exterior of the house, indeed, is ordinary enough and perhaps would not attract any particular attention from the casual passer-by save for its unique chimney, which is exceedingly picturesque; rising ragged and uneven above the roof, the effect is most original. But it is the interior which is most artistic and where one finds traces most characteristic of the art-loving owner.

Unique chimney-place

The broken surface of the remarkable chimney affords an ideal resting-place for various articles of bric-à-brac and utility; and the wide chimney-place, with its old-fashioned iron firedogs piled high with logs of resinous pine throwing their warm glow on the rafters above, makes a bit of artistic comfort significant of the taste of the builder, as is every detail throughout.

The walls are boarded, and the small, square

Exterior of "Thousand Pines"

windows fitted with wooden shutters. The doors are all decorated with hand carving, their knobs appearing to be of gnarled limbs or roots of trees twisted by nature into shapes fitted to the purpose and on the door connecting the sitting-room and bedroom is a lock of curious and interesting make.

The furniture in these two rooms was made from native woods, and constructed on Mr. Gillette's place, from his own designs. The bedstead, the washstand, tables, and different articles the artist fashioned after the dictates of his fancy; but in the desk, more than any of these, is displayed the individuality which permitted no one pigeonhole to be the exact width of any other one!

The fireplace room, which is sitting-room, study, and dining-room all in one, is a charming apartment. Here, he can turn from his desk to the cheerful table laid ready, or to the friendly warmth of his quiet hearthstone, or, if too weary for either, to the inviting lounge. It was in this room that Mr. Gillette wrote that successful farce "Too Much Johnson," and regained, as he lingered, the health he had lost. That was the only long stay the playwright has ever made in North Carolina.

From L'Art du Théâtre

A FRENCH CONCEPTION OF SHYLOCK
M. Leloir, of the Théâtre Français, in "The Merchant of Venice"

Through the winter the place has been occupied in recent years by Mrs. George H. Warner, who is Mr. Gillette's sister. Mr. Warner, co-worker with his brother, Charles Dudley Warner, in the preparation of the Warner Library, and later author of "The Jewish Specter," has found it an ideal retreat for the pursuit of his literary labors.

Mr. Gillette's visits to "Thousand Pines" are nowadays only occasional. He comes only when the "exclusive" mood is upon him. At these times he remains but a few days, shutting himself away from the world, and permitting no one to be admitted even to his grounds. It is said, however, that he intends "some day" to live here permanently.

FLORENCE L. TUCKER.

The Passing of the Minstrel

IN the wards of the Bellevue Hospital the other day a man lay dying. On his ashen white face, frequently distorted with pain, who could have recognized one of the most successful laughter-makers that ever appeared on the American stage? The sufferer was "Jack" Talbott, the old-time minstrel and known as the "funny end man" for nearly half a century. Stricken down with cancer of the stomach at the age of sixty-five, his physicians entertain no hope of his recovery, and with this veteran will disappear one of the last of the old minstrels.

All who recall the halcyon days of the negro minstrel—the days of Dave Emmet, E. F. Dixey, Christie, Bryant, Billy Birch, and others—regret this gradual extinction of a delightful form of entertainment. Of the veterans, Dave Reed, author of "Sally, Come Up," is to-day the last living member of the old coterie. True, we have still with us Primrose and West, Dockstader and others, but each year the names are growing fewer. The minstrel is passing away forever.

The younger generation which patronizes vaudeville performances of to-day can have little conception of the "nigger" minstrel as he flourished forty or fifty years ago. While some of our latter day Ethiopian delineators give performances that are entertaining and even artistic in their way, none succeed in presenting the "darkey" as he was "befo' de war." The gradual passing of these artists in ebony is vividly brought to mind as one reads from time to time among the death lists some old familiar name once twinkling in that galaxy of black stars. Only the other day, the papers reported the death of "Sam" Sanford, one of the best-known minstrels of his day.

Dating from the early fifties, one recalls the various Bands of Blacks, whose company meant laughter and merriment. In the photograph of memory one beholds with delight these mirth provoking faces as they stood, lined up, a long row of shining teeth with thick red lips, bushy heads and rolling eye-balls; each immaculate in black dress suit, making their concerted bows before the audience, and taking their seats, with a twirl of rattling tamborines, and flourish of bones. Christie's Minstrels, Julian Serenaders, Sam Sanford's Troupe, the San Franciscos, Hooley's, Bryants, Virginia Serenaders, Woods, Corncross and Dixey's and, more recently, Primrose and West, Haverley's, Dockstader's—the names dwindling every year.

Among these polished minstrel interlocutors, who does not recall Bernard of the San Franciscos? He was conceded to be one of the most intelligent men on the minstrel stage, and Cool White of Christie's and Sanford's and Eph. Horn, Neil Bryant, and the many others, whose good English was an excellent foil to the "darkey" dialect. Of the "bones" of the old time minstrels, there still reverberates the recollection of the splendid playing of those artists of the "clappers": George Christie, E. F. Dixey, Frank Moran, Johnny Allen, Lou Simmons, Billy Birch, and the

(*Continued on page vii.*)

The World of Music

ANOTHER month has sped by the ears of music lovers; and while it has brought music in huge quantities, the quality of tonal offerings has not been satisfying as a whole. This applies in particular to the quality of opera presented at the Metropolitan Opera House. Those who remember in detail or even in general the promises and declarations made by Mr. Conried will recall that "art for art's sake" was to rule this opera emporium. If the past four weeks of opera have been illustrative of this principle then it only proves that the quoted phrase is of very elastic meaning.

To begin with, the stage management has been deplorable. Simple stage directions have been violated in a wholesale manner, until the feeling has gained ground that if in the serious music-dramas stage affairs are not at sixes and sevens it is merely a streak of accident. But, worse than this weakness, the sad fact has forced itself to notice that the present management seems determined to convert the one permanent and prominent Opera House that this vast country possesses into a proving ground: proving on the one hand just how much experimental opera singing the New York public will stand, and on the other how much experimental opera singing the present members of the company will do. New York is not the place to gain experience in opera singing. There are numberless small opera houses and theatres dotted over the greater part of Germany for that purpose, where ambitious singers accumulate répertoire and gain experience with a hope of singing in more important centres when the rudiments of the art of opera singing have been acquired. And it was formerly the custom of New York opera impresarios to gather from the various prominent opera houses abroad the best forces available and to offer them to the New York public, which pays more dearly for its opera than does any one community in the world. Maurice Grau, Mr. Conried's predecessor, was in the habit of doing this, for he knew the opera business from its very beginnings, and had seen fortunes lost in the attempt to cultivate the taste of the public to a point of appreciating opera and of paying the aristocratic toll demanded for this musical and social privilege. It was a matter of course that Mr. Grau got his forces for as little money as it was possible to get them—for, after all, with him the giving of opera was a business, as is the bartering of steel rails the affair of others. But Mr. Grau knew his own business as he knew the New York public, and he was convinced that no singer was too dear, provided the artist was great enough. There was, in a word, no attempt to cheapen the list of opera singers by giving them small salaries and by offering them the auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House to acquire and to practice new parts in, and thus make them more valuable for European opera houses.

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OLIVE FREMSTAD

Prominent contralto who has had considerable success at the Opera this year

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But all this has been changed. After putting in an expensive electric plant and making extensive alterations in the Metropolitan stage—so that there be as little excuse as possible for bad scenic productions—the stage mismanagement at present is glaring and frequent enough to please any disgruntled critic. In addition to this the whirling four weeks have proved that this is the great place for trying singers on the patient audience who have in advance subscribed for their opera seats. So, for instance, Olive Fremstad was tried as the Brünnhilde in "Siegfried," Mr. Franke was tried as Donner in "Das Rheingold," a remarkable trio of voices was tried as the three Rhine-Maidens in "Das Rheingold," Miss Marion Weed was tried as Brünnhilde in the second performance of "Siegfried." M. Bell Resky was another experiment that failed. This seems a formidable list for the short space of four weeks; and if threats and promises be true the end of these experiments is not yet here.

No one, certainly, wishes grand opera in this city to be an exclusive institution. When talent knocks at the portals of the Metropolitan, its doors should not remain closed. This is a democratic country and American art should be as free as our politics. The unknown singer, seeking a hearing on our leading operatic stage, should be given

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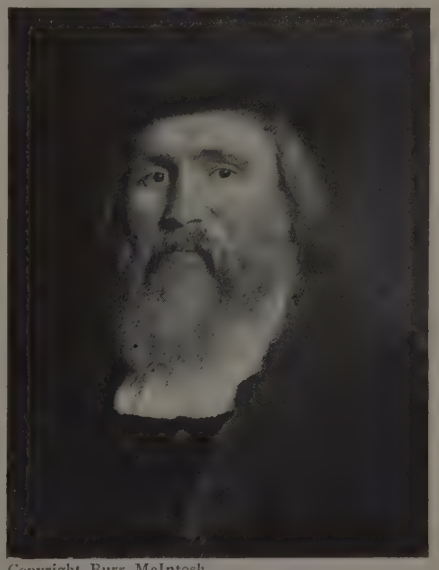
HERR KNOTE AS SIEGFRIED



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VAN ROOY IN "DIE MEISTERSINGER"

at least one public hearing if, in the judgment of the director, his or her ability justifies it. This was done in the case of Mme. Marie Rappold with the happiest results. No one, therefore, quarrels with Mr. Conried because he tries to discover new singers. But he should be satisfied with one trial and not persist in experimentally forcing singers on us merely because he himself has faith in them. On the other hand, he has no right to deprive us of voices we do want, simply because he is not willing to pay the price asked. A case in point is Mme. Gadski. Her place is the Opera and not the concert room. Probably no one knows this better than she does; and, incidentally, there never has been a time during the past two seasons when this singer has been so much in actual demand and in need at the Metropolitan Opera House as she is at present. Mr. Conried has no right to plead economy in this instance. We pay enough for our opera to get the best singers that the market affords.

Gessford
H. WITHERSPOON
Well-known basso who ends up his American season at the Cincinnati May festival

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DAVID BISPHAM
This popular barytone had great success recently at his recital at Mendelssohn Hall in a program of English songs

One of Mr. Conried's experiments was artistically interesting, when Miss Fremstad essayed the rôle of Brünnhilde in the season's first "Siegfried" performance. Miss Fremstad conceived and acted the rôle in a highly interesting and artistic manner. It is the part for a high soprano and Miss Fremstad is a contralto so that the vocal feature of the performance left a great deal to be desired especially as this singer was not in good voice that evening. But it showed that Miss Fremstad has ample artistic excuse for attempting this part, especially if she is ambitious to do it and more especially if the management of the Metropolitan is ready to lend itself to such an experiment. The only other interesting one in the list of experiments was Mme. Rappold's first attempt at singing Elsa. This singer created so favorable an impression in Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba" heard at the beginning of the season, but as Elsa she has hardly lived up to these. Her singing while still betraying the same lovely quality of voice was not very impressive, and she was far from perfect in her part. Her acting was conventional and uninspired. It may be that she will be much better in future appearances as the inquisitive maiden of Brabant. But suppose she is? Is the Metropolitan Opera House the place to wait for a singer to grow until she is a finished artist, is the New York opera public the one to ask to be patient until a singer has learned new rôles and dares risk appearing in them? It would appear not—at least former managements were cautious in the risk they took, and there is no other teacher quite so good as experience.

Gessford
MRS. R. KELSEY
Soprano heard at the "Messiah" performance of the N. Y. Oratorio Society in Carnegie Hall

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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MARCELLA SEMBRICH

"La Bohème" came to light and hearing again and was given a delightful performance at the hands of Sembrich, Caruso, Scotti and Journet. Bella Alten as Musetta, and Marvis as Schaunard were decidedly inadequate, but these two served not to spoil the beauty of this charming work which seems to gain grace with age. Also was "La Sonnambula" revived after a long sleep and it proved a delight to those who love this old, florid music. It also proved a delight to those who did not, for they were compelled to approve of the opportunity to hear Mme. Sembrich's Amina which was so exquisitely sung, probably more so than any work this lovable little woman has done for a long time.

Gessford
KATHERINE FISK
American contralto who has been heard in oratorio recital

Then there is Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" to reckon with, and seldom has the Metropolitan Opera House succeeded in giving a worse performance of Wagner's tetralogy. "Das Rheingold" was so bungled that it was a sad, sad affair. There were some of the old principals who called for the usual share of praise; but then there were three Rhine Maidens, who made sport of this pretty music in a way that was painful. Burgstaller returned to us on this occasion and sang and acted a very impressive and subtly captivating Loge. The scenery was a succession of disappointing displays that made the performance appear more like a scenic rehearsal than a full fledged performance. In "Die Walküre" things went a trifle better, but in "Siegfried" Miss Weed's attempt to sing Brünnhilde was a sad commentary on our opera house and its present management. "Götterdämmerung" concluded the cycle which fortunately ended better than it had begun, probably for the simplest of reasons, that it could not have ended worse. At this last performance Nordica sang Brünnhilde and, in addition to stamping out a tiny bit of fire that was due to an overflow of spirits from the torches of one of the chorus women, Nordica also displayed some of her old time vocal form. Burgstaller's elder Siegfried was very satisfying, and the whole performance was acceptable, though the management of the scenery again prevented it from being admirable. Thus con-

Gessford
GWILYM MILES
Barytone who has returned after an absence of eighteen months in Europe

(*Continued on page iv.*)

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PERSONS AND PLACES. By Joel Benton. Broadway Publishing Company. New York.

This little book is readable because unpretentious and genuine. Mr. Benton has had the good fortune to know a few people of distinction. He records some of his experiences with them. Some of his facts and anecdotes are new, and many of his observations reveal the man of sound judgment whose personal evidence is of value. Emerson, Thoreau, Mathew Arnold, Horace Greeley, P. T. Barnum, Bryant, the poet, Artemus Ward and a few others are discoursed of pleasantly.

MARLOWE. A Drama in Five Acts. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. New York.

In so far as plays of this kind, in blank verse, can have a place in modern literature, Miss Peabody's demonstration of her fine qualities of musical expression, aptitude in phrases, sympathetic spiritual nature, and full command of her subject and the characters and manners of the people of the period depicted, is admirable. For practical stage purposes it has no definite value. Marlowe is shown as a man of genius, a dreamer, who falls in love with a woman of fashion, only to be disappointed, while a country maiden is disappointed in him. It is a tragedy because the mad poet dies in a drunken brawl. There is a poetic exaltation about the play that sets Miss Peabody apart as having the poetic spirit. It is good literature but the world no longer pauses in delighted amazement at any collection of words. Her work, it is true, involves more than that, but we are not disposed to encourage people to write plays in blank verse, certainly not those of less capacity for it than the refined and cultivated writer of "Marlowe."

ZÄL, a novel, by Rupert Hughes. The Century Company, New York.

This new book from the prolific pen of the versatile Rupert Hughes is well worth reading. It is the story of a Polish pianist who comes to America to win fame and fortune. The Polish word Zäl is eloquent and significant. It means human sympathy or the tragedy of world experience. The hero of the book finds bitter trials scattered along his artistic career in the new world, but ultimately triumphs over them all with the help of an American girl, who becomes his wife. The story is interesting and well written and gives an intimate glimpse into the inner workings and intrigues of musical New York such as only a music critic of Mr. Hughes' experience could give with any surety of touch. Incidentally there is a powerfully written pen picture of a storm at sea, with an exciting shipwreck and a thrilling and novel climax, the musician able to save only one woman, being confronted by the problem: Shall it be my wife or my invalid mother? The book shows an intimate acquaintance with the Polish language, and the fact that Mr. Hughes began to study Polish preliminary to writing his novel is a key to the care this brilliant young literary craftsman brings to his work.

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The World of Music

(*Continued from page 54.*)

cluded a "Ring" that had three Brünnhildes—each with a different color of wig, and two Siegfrieds. So there was little opportunity for the sentimental Wagnerites to harbor any illusions.

The re-entry of Mme. Emma Eames in the company of the Metropolitan Opera House was marked by the striking of the chorus members. Their grievances have been aired and have been the cause of a tremendous lot of operatic pother. Whatever the ethics of the labor question involved in this case, the real issue that concerns us here is that this performance was absolutely ruined as a performance. It is as ridiculous to exaggerate the importance of the chorus in Gounod's "Faust" as it is to underestimate it. It belongs in the opera and has much to do with filling out the work. But more than the absence of the choristers and the chorus was the nervous effect the strike had upon the principals. This was most noticeable in the singing of Mme. Eames who walked back into her former graces as Marguerite, the distaff maid who succumbs to a box of Mephistophelian jewels. Mme. Eames sang pretty badly, her voice being sadly off pitch and quite shrill. It is not reasonable to believe that this voice has deteriorated so in a few months spent away from the opera stage, so the fault may generously be placed at the door of the strikers. Scotti, who is an old routinier sang deplorably, and even majestic Pol Plançon fell from grace and pitch. As for Caruso's Faust, it was a great disappointment. He was French in neither gesture nor singing, and his acting was of the most conventional sort imaginable. It is not just to criticise finally this artist's reading of the part for it was the first time he had sung in French and the first time he had sung Faust in this country. The same excuses that are made for the other artists also apply to Caruso; yet the suspicion presents itself that what is so adorable in his singing of Italian roles is apt to be far from acceptable in his interpretation of French characters. Caruso is sheerly and purely an Italian singer, all his vocal vagaries are easily accounted for and excused on the ground that he is an Italian singing Italian opera with all Italianisms that prevail. But these mannerisms cannot safely be applied to French opera.

The Philharmonic Society has still continued its scheme of importing foreign batonists, and the latest one of these was Herr Max Fiedler of Hamburg. He proved to be only reasonably interesting and made no effort to satisfy the craving of New York audiences for sensational readings. Most of his interpretations were quite sane and reasonable, and that of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony was even conventional. Mme. Gadski was the soloist on this occasion but she was not happy of voice—which is a surprising state of vocal cords for this admirable singer to find herself in.

Shortly after this appearance Mme. Gadski gave a song recital which provoked a great deal of discussion and a comparatively small amount of praise. Her programme was ill assorted and out of artistic balance, and the singer was again not in her usual admirable vocal prime. It does not mean in the least that this glorious voice is shrouded, but it does mean that Mme. Gadski's place is the opera and not the concert room.

The other item of interest in the month's concert happenings is the appearance of Miss Bessie Abott. She will flash to the memories of theatre-goers when attention is called to the fact that she was one of the Abott Sisters who twanged their banjos and sung such inspired ditties as "Daddy wont buy me a bow-wow." Since then she has studied and has appeared at the Paris Grand Opera under the paternal eye of Jean de Reszke. She came back to her native soil to gain more fame and more money. Her appearance in concert was decidedly disappointing in that she tried to make a salon of the vast recesses of Carnegie Hall by jauntily sticking her hands in her muff and singing to a few front rows full of acquaintances. It might have been delightful at a family party but it had nothing to do with great art. She also sang the wretchedly difficult Queen of the Night aria from Mozart's "The Magic Flute" in which she failed to reach an imposing artistic height. Despite this, however, she has been engaged by the management of the Metropolitan Opera House for a space of five years. If rumor be accredited she is to appear there in rôles that have hitherto been sung by such important singers as Sembrich and Melba. It is simply another chapter of experiments at this opera house.

The Current Plays

(*Continued from page 32.*)

the traditional poker. The delighted old man is as reborn. Deserted by Joey, he will relive in his grandchild. It is an exquisite idyll. Lionel Barrymore, the cleverer son of a clever father, was surprisingly good as the senile old Pantaloon. In voice, attitude, gesture this lad of 27 appeared the old man of 70. At moments, the young actor betrayed himself, but on the whole it was a splendid characterization. John Barrymore, also, was admirable as the clown; it is decidedly the best thing Barrymore Cadet has yet done. Beatrice Agnew made a charming if rather lanky Columbine. Where did this versatile young woman learn to toe-dance so gracefully?

DALY'S. "Cashel Byron's Profession." Comedy in three acts, adapted from G. B. Shaw's story by Stanislaus Stange. Produced January 8 with this cast:

Bashville, Joseph Kilgour; Phoebe, Marion Little; Lord Worthington, Herbert McKenzie; Ned Skene, John C. Dixon; Bob Mellish, Luke Martin; Cashel Byron, James J. Corbett; Lydia Carew, Margaret Wycherly; Alice Goff, May Tulley; Lucian Webber, Lionel Adams; Captain Trelliam, Sydney Blow; Herr Abendgasse, Frank Opperman; Mrs. Hoskyns, Maude Giroux; Mrs. Skene, Alice Leigh; Miss Adelaide Gisborne, Kate Lester.

There is not enough of George Bernard Shaw in the play, "Cashel Byron's Profession," as seen at Daly's, to class it among the distinctive Shaw plays. Scintillant passages here and there have the characteristic wit and philosophy, but the piece, on the whole, belongs to the romantic type, something that the insincere Irish cynic sincerely despises. To be frank, it serves the purpose of entertainment badly, although there will be a certain curiosity on the part of theatre-goers to see how good a purse can be made out of a sow's ear. Mr. Corbett is handicapped in the title rôle by the fact that he himself is an ex-prize-fighter, and his problem in winning the public is just as actual as that of Cashel Byron in winning Miss Carew. The play contains exactly two situations; the rest is a dreary waste of pointless talk. As the hero, Mr. Corbett is efficient. He surprised many by the force and naturalness of his acting and the ease and self-composure with which he played his scenes. While he does not afford promise that he will ever reach distinction as an actor, there is no reason why he should not have prosperity in this particular play. There is no exhibition of sparring or brutality on the stage, and some of the incidents are amusing. The story is simple enough, but the proposition remains as hopeless of demonstration as any of the many propositions that Shaw is constantly putting forward. It may be that prize-fighting is an honorable profession, but audiences could never be reconciled to it except in a romantic play in which the prize-fighter marries the girl who refuses him when she discovers his business, and who relents when she learns that he is about to inherit a fortune and become a gentleman. Mr. Corbett is entitled to his chance. He cannot always be playing the rôle of a prize-fighter. If he has the actor in him no one can stay him. There should be no caste on the stage to forbid ambitious effort.

KNICKERBOCKER. "Mlle. Modiste." Comic opera in two acts. Music by Victor Herbert. Book by Henry Blossom. Produced Dec. 25 with this cast:

Henri De Bouvray, William Pruette; Capt. Etienne, Walter Percival; Hiram Bent, Claude Gillingwater; Gaston, Leo Mars; Gen. de Villefranche, George Schraeder; Lieut. Rene, Howard Chambers; François, R. W. Hunt; Mme. Cecile, Joseph Bartlett; Fanchette, Edna Fassett; Nanette, Blanche Morrison; Fleurette, Ada Meade; Marie Louise, Louise Le Baron; Bebe, Miss La Mora; Mrs. Hiram Bent, Bertha Holly; Fifi, Fritzi Scheff.

There is a comic opera in town that is gladdening the hearts of upper Broadway. It is actually comic and it is really an opera. Its title is "Mlle. Modiste," and Fritzi Scheff is the prima donna of the occasion. She is, however—and for this truth let every first and second nighter humble himself in grateful devotion—not nearly so much of a prima donna as she believed she was when she first started at this game of comic opera and succeeded only in flaunting her abilities over the heads of her audiences instead of directly at them. In other words, heretofore Fritzi Scheff has played almost every comic opera rôle she has undertaken at least an inch and a quarter above the part itself. She pouted and strutted, she surrounded herself with a company that precluded the success of any one save Fritzi; she had the airs of a prima donna when she needed the grace of a soubrette. The public grew quite weary of this. But Fritzi Scheff seems to have learned her little lesson, for she has finally de-

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cided to show her audiences again what a delight she can be to the eye of humanity.

Victor Herbert wrote the music for this work and the book was supplied by Henry Blossom. The music is not nearly the best that Herbert has written, but it is tunefully attractive and is scored in the usual charming manner. Nor is the book startling in its originality, but its acts are threaded together by a plot, and the lines are freely American and the humor is of the best Indiana quality that produces a double-breasted laugh. There is no knock-about comedian in the company, and the audience's amusement does not depend upon a grotesque costume and a tobogganing down a set of stage stairs. Its freedom from all these antics will bring Broadway audiences to the realization that there is still a living possibility of wholesome comic opera—which "Mlle. Modiste" certainly is. The company is adequately good. William Pruette is gouty and amusing; Leo Mars, a visitor from Paris, via London's music halls, is artistic and delightful, and Claude Gillingwater, who looks like a second edition of George Ade, gives a refreshing impersonation of the American promoter. Miss Bertha Holly is very interesting to those in this land who know the accent and action of the inhabitants of the Middle West. Fritzi Scheff as Fifi is *chic* and charming. She suits her part, and the part suits Fritzi. In the matter of her voice she has slid perceptibly from artistic grace. It is a pity that she attempts to sing as ambitious a number as the last big solo, for here she displayed a lack of voice that was remarkable, when one considers the days of her appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, which were not many seasons ago. But after all "Mlle. Modiste" is a comic opera and for it Fritzi Scheff has an abundance of voice. And it is a very delightful comic opera into the bargain.

JOE WEBER'S. "TWIDDLE-TWADDLE." Book by Edgar Smith. Music by Maurice Levi. Produced Jan. 1 with this cast:

Grabfelder, Joe Weber; Dodge, Charles A. Bigelow; Jones, Edward J. Connelly; Hon. Algernon, Ernest Lambart; Grand Duke, Bonnie Maginn; Capt. Schmitt, Sam Marion; Matilda, Marie Dressler; Mrs. Jack, Trixie Friganza; Maggie, May Montfort; Gladys, Erminie Earle; *et al.*

There is a slight change in the usual indefinite title associated with the annual show at Joe Weber's Theatre this year, but the entertainment itself varies little from the dozen or so that have gone before; and therein lies its weakness. The scenery is charming, the costumes marvels of beautiful color and rich texture, the young women who wear them quite remarkable for their shapeliness and good looks, and Maurice Levi's music is rhythmic and tuneful in its catchy form. The stage movement, too, is varied and animated, but the characters are all old familiar friends and their adventures are only variations of the what-has-been. It is a well-known fact that musical mélanges are not written but, like Topsy, they grow, and when the time arrives to cut down the present offering, retaining what is strongest and substituting therefor some up-to-date burlesque, there will be little fault to find with "Twiddle-Twaddle." It is but justice to note that the athletic and ebullient Marie Dressler is a mighty factor in the number of laughs provoked. She plunges through her scenes like a wild-cat locomotive or a star full-back. Even if she were not entitled to it, the centre of the stage would be hers by sheer physical prowess. Her songs are the best in the piece and she renders them for every point in them. As her fat-headed and fat-stomached father Joe Weber makes a complacent and humorous foil and Charles A. Bigelow's quaint personality extracts some tenuous humor from the rôle of an American insurance nabob. Ernest Lambert is genuinely artistic as a titled English pauper; and Bonnie Maginn, somewhat plumper than when last seen here, is fair to look upon, but she should not attempt to sing. Sam Marion's "make-up" as the Emperor of Austria is a triumph. When Edgar Smith prunes his book somewhat, "Twiddle-Twaddle" will have no trouble in satisfying that great multitude ever anxious to be amused.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY." Musical comedy by George M. Cohan. Produced January 1 with this cast:

Mary Jane Jenkins, Fay Templeton; Flora Dora Dean, Lois Ewell; Mrs. David Dean, Julia Ralph; Mrs. Purdy, Marion Singer; Tom Bennett, Donald Brian; Kid Burns, Victor Moore; James Blake, Charles Prince; Daniel Cronin, James H. Manning; Alva Jordan, Mabel Ellis; Rita Merrion, Rhea G. Clemens; Grace Ireland, Desiree Lazard.

If George Cohan nourishes the ambition to become the successor of Charles Hoyt he must study more closely the models set by "A Texas Steer" and the other Hoyt farces, all of which were masterpieces of their kind. Mr. Cohan has little art. His pieces lack form and substance. He writes popular nonsense cleverly and voluminously, and he is said to have made a fortune with

(*Continued on page viii.*)

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The New Morality

[From the *Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati.]

We have spoken once before of the disgusting play by George Bernard Shaw, which, after one performance in New York City, was interdicted by Police Commissioner McAdoo. We do not exchange with the THEATRE MAGAZINE, but a copy of it fell into our hands the other day, and we were glad to read, in its pages, its frank editorial condemnation of Shaw and his rottenness. It said:

"The offense against public decency was flagrant. Bad enough in the library, the play is wholly unfit for public presentation. A free stage does not mean unbridled license. Anarchy is as intolerable in the drama as on the stump, and all such impudent attempts to corrupt the morals of the community and poison the air of our theatres should properly receive drastic treatment at the hands of the authorities. Most of Shaw's characters are vile, with detestable views of life. It is impossible to see one of his plays and feel the better for it. The effect is just the other way, and herein lies the danger of their public presentation."

These are sane and healthy words, and, considering where they are found, of very weighty significance.

A correspondent of the THEATRE MAGAZINE had an interview with Shaw—who is a Socialist—in London. Shaw made fun of the Americans, and declared that "they were making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world," by reason of their objections to his dramatic indecencies. And then he goes on to enunciate some rather startling doctrine in these words:

"The old notions of morality have had their day; they are now out of date, and must make way for a new morality—a morality more humane and more in accordance with the new condition of things, with the necessities and wants of the modern world. The fact is, that so-called good people are all wrong; and bad people, or people reputed as such, are right. What I fight against is the immorality of the old morality; and I look upon as immoral what 'good people' think right."

This is certainly audacious enough, insolent and outrageous enough to please any blatant mouther against Christianity and its code of ethics. But we do not imagine that our civilization will quickly revise the Ten Commandments to suit the diseased imagination of a man who wants to make prostitution and loose living respectable, to call vice virtue, and to elevate himself above Jesus Christ as an authority in morals for decent peoples. There is small danger of the "new" morality suddenly taking the place of the old. It will only happen when men prefer poison to food, disease to health, and darkness to light.

The Passing of the Minstrel

(*Continued from page 52.*)

Bryants. Sweet singers were there among that band of brothers:

"Dave Wambold, the silver-voiced tenor; J. L. Carncross, whose war lyrics were wept over, and who sang in the sweetest voices; Campbell, the superb baritone, who should have been in grand opera; Badeau Lynch, Pendergrest, Rayner—a chorus of Italian voices in Ethiopian dress

Among the stump speakers and character sketchers one recalls: Mulligan of the San Franciscos, his huge six feet four, inimitable in the parts he portrayed; Frank Browers, *Old Bob Ridley, Oh!* song and dance, Bob Hart, Ben Cotton, Billy Barry, Nelse Seymour, Al Ryman, Dick Ralph in his *Essence o' Ole Virginy*, and little Bobby Newcomb in *Love among the roses*. Cool Burgess, Billy Birch, Charley Backus, and the rest, each one, a real "darkey."

Of the comedians, dancers, banjoists, and tamborine twirlers, a merry medley of faces and figures pass on: Archie Hughs, Charlie Fox, Johnny Hart, D. Arlington, Billy West, Sam Sandford, Jim Wambold, Willy Guy, Dick Carroll, Hughy Dougherty, J. Macken, Charlie White, F. Unsworth, Budsworth Andrews of *The Watermelon man*, a "goodlie companie," indeed.

A few of the old time ministrels were literary as well as musical, writers as well as singers. Among the number may be cited: Dave Reed, author of "Sally Come up"; Billy Cortright, the composer of *Fleuie Fleuie*, a catchy song whistled on the street for a couple of seasons; Charlie Fox, who adapted Shakespeare to the darkey delineation and produced some clever burlesques.

Cool White's famous speech on Woman's Rights, delivered when that movement was rampant, was well written and rapturously received. Bernard, of the San Francisco Minstrels, wrote a number of plantation skits for the various companies, as well as some little playettes. E. F.

(*Continued on page x.*)

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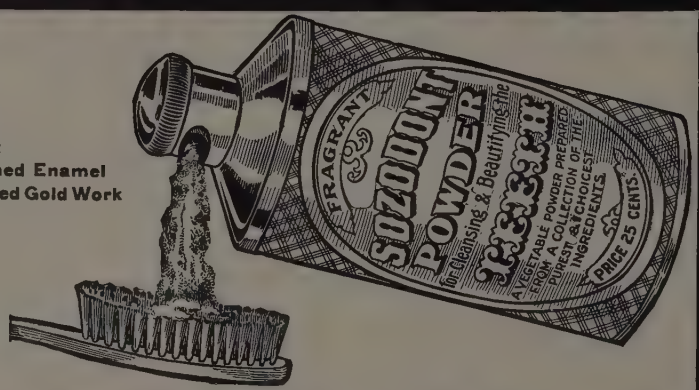

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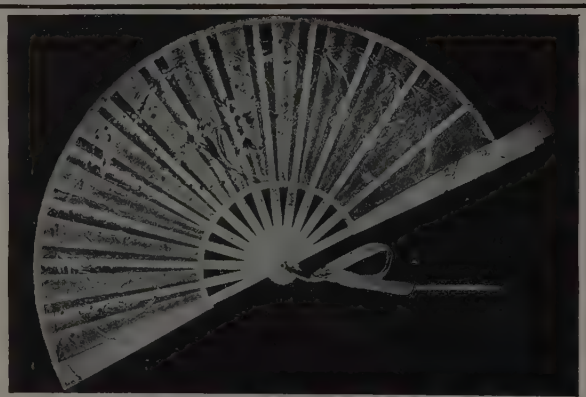

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(Continued from page vi.)

his other play, "Little Johnny Jones." Such pieces are intended only to catch the unthinking crowd. They have no permanent place in our drama and do not call for serious consideration. At most they can be classed as entertainment, and often they are poor entertainment. "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" ranks in the latter category. The piece makes you laugh, but it is the absurdity you laugh at, not the humor. Fay Templeton, who is an artiste in her line, is completely wasted on such rubbish. She has practically nothing to do except weep, although it is no wonder that she does weep. She is not funny and her costume, that of the domestic slavey, does not add to her good looks. Victor Moore, who impersonates a tough, slangy young man cleverly, was the only member of the cast to make a hit.

DALY'S. "THE CROSSING." Romantic drama in four acts, by Winston Churchill and Louis Evan Shipman. Produced Jan. 1 with this cast:

Nicholas Temple, John Blair; David Ritchie, Stokes Sullivan; Auguste de St. Gre, Etienne Girardot; Harry Riddle, J. H. Gilmour; Baron de Carondelet, Ralph Delmore; M. de St. Gre, Arthur Lawrence; Dr. Perrin, Edward Donnelly; Capt. de Crespigny, Shelley Hull; Lieut. Saumarez, Edward Donnelly; Pierre, W. Wood; Andre, F. Richter; Fontaine, Sidney Mansfield; Mrs. Temple, Mabel Bert; Antoinette de St. Gre, Violet Houk; Baroness de Carondelet, Laura Clement; Mme. de St. Gre, Lillian Ward; Madame Bouvet, Jane Gordon.

"The Crossing" never had the shadow of a chance for metropolitan success. Yet it was not much worse than a few other plays that actors with a following have kept for a season before a protesting public. In such circumstances, criticism should not be complaisant, but ever unrelenting. The authors of them should never be permitted to rest under the delusion that they are dramatists. Of course, when a play is all wrong, it is almost impracticable to show why and how or to devote the necessary space to the purpose. And yet these outrages on the art of playwriting should be shown up. This cannot conveniently be done with "The Crossing," for it has been withdrawn out of range. Its failure was decisive. The material was not worth dramatization in the first place. Its technical dramatic treatment might have been perfect, and the material would have always remained amateurish. The story concerns a young man mooning after his "long lost" mother. He is trying to find her; for love of her? Not at all. She had abandoned him in his childhood, fleeing with a paramour. He wants to chide her, and tell her what a bad woman she is. Incidentally he will kill the man. Such things, remote from common sense and human sympathies, are nothing. The public will have nothing of it. With whom does the intelligence lie—the author or the public? Which of the two has common sense? Romanticism of this kind is not for this century. In the play one or two "situations" are finally reached and some measure of drama is gathered from the arid stuff. The young man is arrested as a spy by the runaway companion of his mother, who has authority to do so, he being a renegade American in the French army. He is the young man's rival for the hand of a girl. Surely a "romantic," but nauseous complication! Of course the romantic young man kills this monster. The performance was amateurish and in keeping with the material. John Blair was under the spell of the deadening romance, lackadaisical, and self satisfied in the sweetness of its puerility to a degree. The leading woman was an obvious amateur. None of the players was well cast, for their parts were absurd. No part of the blame of failure can, with any justice, fall upon any of the actors. Winston Churchill must take his share of it. Mr. Shipman's dramatization was exceedingly crude.

GARDEN. "As Ye Sow." Drama in four acts, by Rev. John M. Snyder. Produced Dec. 25 with this cast:

Rev. John St. John, D.D., Frank Gillmore; Dora Leland, Charlotte Walker; Frank Leland St. John, Franklyn Roberts; Mrs. St. John, Marie Taylor; Belle St. John, Kate Benneteau; Little Katy, Olive Wright; Dr. "Bob" Billings, Chas. B. Craig; Deacon Bassett, Ernest Mack; Captain Hanks, Mac M. Barnes; Hulda Cushing, May McCabe; Steve Stetson, Forrest Robinson; Lute Ludlam, Douglas Fairbanks; Dolly Hinckley, Marion Chapman; Mrs. Basset, Pearl Sanford; Al. Spencer, Frederic D. Freeman; Nancy Patton, Katherine Gemmill; Mattie Mason, Edith Wright; Will Crocker, George Coleman; Phil. Aborn, Oliver Blake.

It is not customary for preachers to write plays, but plays written by preachers are not uncommon in the history of the stage. The Rev. John Snyder chanced upon, in life or his ruminations on life, material that naturally fell into dramatic form. His intent was good and his execution of it was certainly not sinful. There was nothing extraordinary about it. It is nothing to marvel about. "As Ye Sow" is not the first sermon in dramatic form. In point of fact, in its present shape it is the customary more or less conventional rural drama. The principal character in the play, the Rev. John St. John, D. D., "who loves his neighbors as himself," converts a burglar by muscular persuasion, disarms him,

makes him an inmate of his own home, the reformed burglar sustaining his new character to the end, doing his small dramatic chores effectively. The preacher is ideally forgiving, patient, simple, self-controlled and manly. Nobody else is particularly good. He is so good that one must like him. But he is not too good to be true. Only hardened theatregoers who can no longer understand simplicity and the elemental things refuse to accept him. Besides, he is played with great simplicity and natural fervor by Frank Gillmore. The preacher as depicted by this preacher is a sincere dramatic contribution. Pretty much all else in the play is goldfilled. Wild romanticism steps in, and the stage manager fills every nook and cranny with stage tricks and "business." We can imagine the simple manuscript reaching the manager's hands. Where are the situations? Where are the mobs? Where are the low comedy people? The preacher had not thought of them. What did he know about "business"? He was thinking of morality. What! no spinster with a determination to marry? No bashful suitor? What! no domineering wife with a meek husband? What! no soubrette in all Cape Cod with a young man to quarrel with and fill in with comedy? Then, there is that shipwreck scene; the preacher actually has it off stage. The stage managers do wonders with their junk; but with the result that as time passes the rural plays become more and more alike.

LYRIC. "The Babes and the Baron." Spectacular extravaganza. Book by A. M. Thompson and Robert Courtneidge. Music by H. E. Haines. Produced December 25.

Americanized English extravaganza is rarely a happy theatrical experiment. But this new version of the "Babes in the Wood" fable contains so many meritorious features that it may be set down as a success. To see the Toy Soldier as presented by Fred Walton is alone worth the price of admission. He has not a word to say, but he drills a company of soldiers, which are really of wood, acts as clerk in a store and does other remarkable things. Whoever fails to see this novel character, new to the stage, will miss a treat.

LIBERTY. "The Gingerbread Man." Extravaganza. Book by Frederick Ranken. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced Dec. 25.

This piece, which did not linger long in New York, was another of those abortive theatrical efforts that it is kinder to forget, filling no good purpose and simply aggravating that "tired feeling" of which there has been an epidemic this season. Apparently, the only excuse for the production was to display the anatomical "points" of a bevy of women, scantily clad in the tightest and thinnest of tights. This exhibition, it was felt, was the producer's *pièce de résistance*, for of plot or other happenings there was little. There were a few songs worth hearing, but the proceedings were not exhilarating.

HERALD SQUARE. "Coming thro' the Rye." Musical extravaganza. Book by Geo. V. Hobart, music by A. Baldwin Sloane and J. Sebastian Hiller. Produced January 9.

This mild extravaganza hardly merits notice, save for the purpose of record. It is unspeakably dull as entertainment and has not a single redeeming feature. The book is balderdash; the music without consequence. The piece belongs to those deadly nondescript, pseudo-musical concoctions that are doing their best to drive the intelligent public from the theatre altogether. Even that never-failing fun maker, Dan McAvoy, is unable to put life into the sorry mélange, which degenerates at the end into a clumsy burlesque of "The Squaw Man." Alice Fischer, Amelia Stone, Frank Doane and other capable players are wasting their time in it.

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(*Continued from page vii.*)

Dixey, of Sanford's troupe, produced a number of little dramas. His "Pilgrim Fathers," in which he appeared, had great success. "Dixey's Songster," a compilation of war time ballads and songs, had a large circulation, and "Dixey's Batch of Conundrums" were propounded everywhere. During the Civil War, the one, "Why is the Union like a stone? Because it is hard to dissolve," never failed to bring the house down.

Dan Emmet, also, was one whose name will ever be remembered. While with Bryant's Minstrels, in 1859, he composed the words and music of the now famous "Way Down South in the Land of Cotton"—the undying *Dixieland*. Captivating in its wild, catchy swing of melody, significant in its Southern refrain, the boys in gray adopted it as their own, and it become the war song of the Confederate troops, who "lived and died in Dixey," a song that by its association now, almost, is a part of the history of the Civil War. At the funeral service of Mr. Emmet, in June, 1904, as the casket was lowered into the grave, the military band reverently played this last song of the minstrel. But a very few of the many old time minstrel bands whose music pleased the ear of the last generation, remain today. One by one they have made the exit from the stage of life and to-day are but happy memories. Vale! AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

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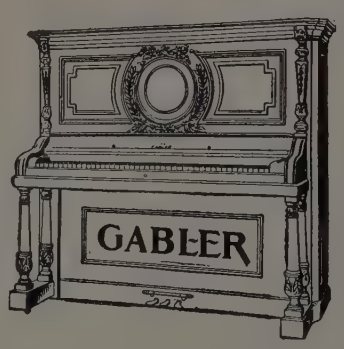

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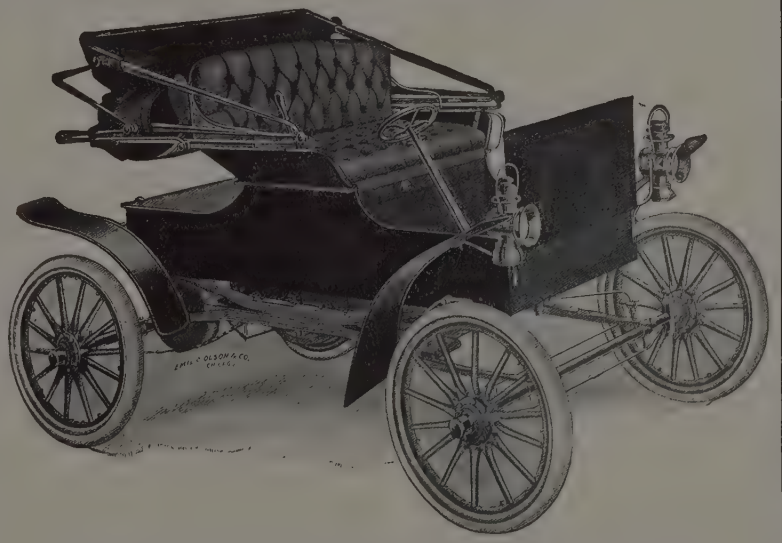

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Queries Answered

NOTICE!

This department has grown in astonishing proportions. If we printed in this issue replies to all the queries now awaiting answer it would take up twelve columns of valuable space. Some of those who have used this column have been unreasonable. They have asked as many as twelve questions, most of which have been trivial. In future, no reader may ask more than three questions, and all trifling queries, such as whether this or that actor is married, where they are, etc., will be positively ignored. Readers who do not find their questions answered this month will understand that others are ahead of them.

No Name.—Q.—Will you publish a short sketch of Charlotte Walker? A.—Perhaps. Q.—When was she born? A.—About twenty-seven years ago. Q.—What plays has she been in? A.—With Hackett as leading woman for several seasons. This season was with "The Prodigal Son," and "As Ye Sow," is now engaged for "The Embassy Ball."

M. E. S.—Q.—Will you publish Mr. Woodruff's and Miss Goodrich's photographs or a scene from the play "The Model and the Genius"? A.—Possibly.

Dorr.—Q.—Will you interview James K. Hackett? A.—Probably. Q.—Where could I obtain pictures of Edna May and Kyrle Bellew? A.—Write to Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street, this city. Q.—What was Julia Marlowe's husband's name? A.—Robert Taber. Q.—Will "The Walls of Jericho" come to Chicago this season? A.—Probably. Q.—Who was Mr. Faversham's former wife? A.—This has repeatedly been answered.

Irene Cooper.—If you consider it, you will doubtless see the unreasonableness of your request.

Constant Reader, Pleasantville, N. J.—Q.—Is there a play written from the novel by Charles Garvine, entitled "Leola Dale's Fortune"? A.—We have never heard of it. Q.—Is it necessary for a person to be a graduate of a dramatic school to go on the stage. A.—It is not necessary, but advisable. Q.—Have you interviewed William J. Kelly. A.—We have not.

E. Fox.—Q.—Can you tell me why Miss Walker is not now playing in "The Prodigal Son"? A.—The company closed Nov. 29th.

Amy.—Q.—Have Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bates Post any children? A.—No, they have not. Q.—With what company is William Ingersoll this season? Also Eva Taylor? A.—We do not know. Q.—What is Julie Herne doing now? A.—She is with "The Dancing Girl." Q.—What will Sarah Truax star in? A.—She will have a leading rôle in "The Prince of India." Q.—Will Chauncey Olcott come to Pittsburg this season? A.—Consult the weekly theatrical papers. Q.—Who is his leading lady in "Edmund Burke"? A.—Edna Philips.

Geo. A. Hopper.—Q.—What is the best dramatic school in New York? A.—See our advertising columns.

E. B. L.—Q.—In what is William Farnum? A.—He will be in "The Prince of India," opening in February in Chicago. Q.—Also Charles Mackey? A.—We believe he is not at present playing.

M.—Q.—Have you published an interview with Lulu Glaser? A.—No.

W.—Q.—What is the name of Faversham and Julie Opp's son? A.—We have not heard.

W. C. M.—Q.—Will E. H. Sothern play in "Romeo and Juliet" this season? A.—Yes. Q.—What are the addresses of E. H. Sothern, Mattie Ford, Lulu Glaser, Wm. Faversham, Henrietta Crosman, Eddie Foy, Viola Allen, and Henry Miller? A.—Write care of the New York *Mirror*, 121 West 42d St.

Henry Gyles.—Q.—Have you heard of the romantic actor, Harry Carvil, and where is he playing? A.—We have not.

Constant Reader.—Q.—Will Mr. Farnum play "The Virginian" another year? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Will he play in New York again this season? A.—It was stated that he would not. Q.—Is it possible to obtain a printed route of the play while on the road? A.—Consult the weekly theatrical papers which publish the routes of companies.

Roselle.—Q.—Is Roselle Knott married? A.—Her husband died several years ago. Q.—Are you going to have an interview with her? A.—We may. Q.—Is she considered a clever actress? A.—Yes. Q.—What is her greatest success? A.—Perhaps "When Knighthood was in Flower."

E. S. Thomas, of 120 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., would be pleased to hear from any persons wishing to exchange theatre programs.

H. T. A.—Q.—Is it allowable for a vaudeville actress to impersonate different actresses without their permission? A.—It is. Q.—How could I enter vaudeville as an impersonator, and at what time of the year would be the best? A.—Apply to a vaudeville agency or to managers of vaudeville houses at any time.

J. J.—Q.—Kindly give me the name of some good amateur dramatic organization, and, if possible, the address of secretary to whom application for membership can be made? A.—Address The Amaranth Dramatic Society, Brooklyn, N. Y. Q.—Is it necessary to have any experience to enter organizations of this kind? A.—We believe not. Q.—Has David Belasco's "The Girl I Left Behind Me" ever been presented by amateurs, and if so by whom? A.—Write to Mr. Belasco, this city.

H. C. K.—Q.—Have you ever published scenes from "Raffles," and when? A.—See November, 1903. Q.—Will you publish scenes from "Don Carlos"? A.—Possibly. Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Mansfield as Mr. Hyde other than the composite picture of those two characters? A.—No.

B. B., Boston.—Q.—Can you tell who wrote the story which is almost identical with the play, "The Heir to the Hoorah"? A.—The story appeared in the *Smart Set* and is called "The Transmogrification of Dan."

N. J. M., New York.—Q.—In what play did Ida Wakeman appear last season? A.—"Home Folks." Q.—Will William Courtenay appear in New York this year? A.—He appeared in "La Belle Marseillaise." Q.—Will Madge Lessing appear in America soon? A.—Cannot say.

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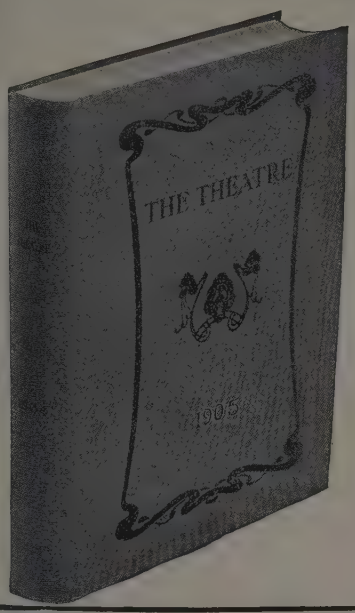

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Matthew Slade.—Q.—Will Mrs. Carter visit London this season? A.—Write to David Belasco. Q.—Will Richard Mansfield? A.—Write to him. Q.—Will Roselle Knott play "When Knighthood Was in Flower" in New York this season? A.—No. Q.—Will you soon have an interview with her? A.—We cannot say.

Mrs. Clark.—Q.—Where can I obtain May Buckley's address? A.—Write to her in care of *Dramatic Mirror*.

L. M. F.—Q.—Can you give me a short account of the theatrical careers of Edith Barker and William Lewers, both playing in "Cousin Billy"? A.—We cannot undertake to give biographies of every one on the stage. Ten magazines of this size would not suffice. Q.—Where and in what play is Mortimer Weldon acting? A.—He is with Grace George in "The Marriage of William Ashe." Q.—Have you interviewed Miss Maxine Elliott in your "Chats with Players"? A.—See November, 1903, number.

Flossie R.—Q.—Is Roselle Knott a Canadian or American? A.—Canadian. Q.—Is she considered a clever actress? A.—She is. Q.—Will she appear in New York this season? A.—No.

Constant Reader.—Q.—In what company is Marion Lorne now? She played with the Hunter Bradford Stock Co. in Worcester last season. A.—With the Spangles Company. Q.—Is that her correct name? A.—We do not know.

Another "Constant Reader."—Q.—Will the Sothern-Marlowe Co. appear in New Haven, Conn., or in Brooklyn this season? A.—Write to Charles Frohman. Q.—Where is Miss Marlowe's home in Riverside, New York? A.—This question has been answered repeatedly. Q.—Are there any photographs of the new plays which Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe are giving this year on sale, and where? A.—Write to Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street, this city.

P. C. B.—Q.—Where did "The Prodigal Son" go when it left the Grand Opera House? A.—It was withdrawn. Q.—Was the play considered a success? A.—No. Q.—Where and when was E. J. Morgan born? A.—England, about 1867. Q.—Is he married? A.—Yes. Q.—Divorced? A.—Yes. Q.—Will the play come to New York City again? A.—It may re-open in January.

L. L., Tarrytown.—Q.—Now that you have again taken up music topics, will you not interview Mme. Emma Eames? A.—Very possibly.

New Yorker.—Q.—Is Victor Herbert married? A.—Yes. To Mme. Teresa Foster. Q.—What is his address? A.—We do not give addresses. Write to him, care of the Majestic Theatre, this city.

F. J. L., Ann Arbor, Mich.—Q.—Has the THEATRE MAGAZINE ever published a picture of Miss Clara Palmer? A.—Yes, see September, 1905, issue.

C. V., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Have you any photographs of Viotel Aubrey? A.—No.

K. M. G., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Where is John Westley? A.—He is with Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box."

R. S. M.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Lawrence Rea, now appearing in "Veronique"? A.—We may. Q.—Will he play in "The Duchess of Dantzic" this year? A.—No. Q.—When is it coming to this city? A.—Consult the weekly theatrical papers which publish routes of companies.

Dolores.—Q.—Can you tell me anything about Harry Tally? A.—He was with "The Ham Tree." Q.—Where can I address a letter to him? A.—Care Klaw & Erlanger, New Amsterdam Theatre, this city.

Enquirer.—Q.—Have you published a criticism of "Peter Pan"? A.—See December number. Q.—Pictures of the same? A.—In August number, 1905. Q.—In what number was your "Peter Pan" poster published? A.—August last. Q.—How much will these copies cost? A.—Thirty five cents each. Q.—Where can copies of J. M. Barrie's plays, "Peter Pan" and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" be obtained? A.—They are not published. Q.—Will Phillip's play, "Nero," be produced in America? A.—Mansfield had it at one time, and Mr. Hackett also considered it, but since then it has been shelved. Q.—Where can one get copies of the following plays: By George Bernard Shaw: "You Never Can Tell," "Man and Superman," "Candida," "Mrs. Warren's Profession"? A.—At Brentano's, Union Square, New York. Q.—By Belasco: "Adrea?" A.—Not published. Q.—And the Warfield play, "The Music Master"? A.—Not published. Q.—Fitch's "His Grace de Grammont"? A.—Write to Otis Skinner concerning "His Grace de Grammont." Q.—Sutro's "The Walls of Jericho"? A.—Write to Mr. Jas. K. Hackett. Q.—Where may one obtain various photographs of Miss Fritzi Scheff? Is there a place where theatrical photos may be ordered and for what price? A.—Write to Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York. Q.—Will Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" be played in New York? A.—Probably not. Ada Rehan was to have appeared in it, but the idea has been abandoned.

G. C.—Q.—Have any pictures of the Ben Greet players been printed in any magazine? A.—See issues for Nov. and Dec., 1902, and April, 1904. Q.—Will they act here again next year? What is the name of the actor who took the part of Cassius in "Julius Cæsar"? A.—They may. The actors' names did not appear on the programmes.

Miss Orlie Scharff.—Q.—Is Richard Bennett playing this year, and what is he playing in? A.—He is in "The Lion and the Mouse."

J. E. D.—Q.—Are Chas. Arthur, Adele Block and Grace Reals, late of the Fifty-eighth Street Proctor Stock Company, still acting, and if so with whom? A.—(1) We do not know; (2) will be seen in "Mizpah"; (3) with "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." Q.—Will you publish pictures of Adele Block and Beatrice Morgan in the THEATRE MAGAZINE? A.—Yes, next month.

T. W. E.—Q.—Does Otto Sarony sell photographs of actresses, and at what price? A.—He does. Q.—Will you publish a new photo of Edna May Spooner, of Brooklyn? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will you ever publish an interview with Mrs. Spooner? A.—We cannot say.

Lila B. Olive.—We do not answer questions by mail.

Mrs. Claik.—Had you better not keep your Christmas present since you have not the lady's address?

Baltimore.—While willing to answer reasonable questions, we cannot inform you where 17 different people are. See routes in the theatrical papers. Q.—Who did Lionel Barrymore marry? A.—McKee Rankin's daughter. Q.—Where is Lionel Barrymore now? A.—He is playing at the Criterion Theatre. Q.—Do you sell photos of all sizes, and are they regular photographic prints or lithographs. A.—We have half-tone reproductions of all sizes, at 10, 15, 20, and 25 cents apiece. Q.—Where is Howell Hansell. A.—He is now with the Boston Empire Stock Company. Changes are sometimes made so frequently that it is impossible to keep track of actors. Q.—Where is Walter Hitchcock playing since he left D'Orsay's "The Embassy Ball"? A.—We have not yet heard.

C. F. Zang.—Q.—Where is Alice Johnson, formerly with the Murray Hill Stock Co., now acting? A.—She was on the road supporting a male star. Q.—Is Lulu Glaser married? A.—No.

The Theatre Everywhere

To Our Correspondents.—*All the important managers will usually honor the credentials of* The Theatre Magazine's *correspondents. We shall be glad if correspondents will keep us informed in every instance where such recognition is refused, giving us the name of the manager or other person in authority who declined to honor our credentials. As an instance of the attitude of the leading theatrical managers towards this magazine the following incident may be told here: Our correspondent at Zanesville, O., was recently refused recognition by the travelling manager of "The Marriage of William Ashe" Company. The correspondent complained to this office and we wrote to W. A. Brady. Two days later we received this telegram from Chicago:* **"Very sorry for discourtesy. Rely it will never happen again."—W. A. Brady.**

☞ Owing to our ever growing circulation, which means the printing of more copies, this magazine is compelled to go to press much earlier. The letters of several of our correspondents reached us this month too late for insertion. In future all correspondents will kindly have their "copy" reach this office not later than the eighth of each month.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan 10. The Bernard Shaw craze, which has raged in the libraries for the past year, reached the Albany stage when Arnold Daly presented "You Never Can Tell" at the Empire, December 15th and 16th. Manager Williams defied the superstition of bad business the week before Christmas by presenting Edna May in "The Catch of the Season" and Henrietta Crosman. "The Prodigal Son" was the only attraction Christmas week, and its company was poor. New Year's week saw Mantell in "Macbeth" and "King Lear" to full houses. "The Clansman" followed. Kelcey and Shannon, in "The Lightning Conductor" and "In the Bishop's Carriage" filled out the week. William H. Haskell.

ATLANTA, GA., Jan. 10.—To Henry W. Savage is due the thanks of the music-lovers of Atlanta for bringing to our doors grand opera in English. With an aggregation of superb artists, augmented by an excellent orchestra, the operas of "Tannhauser," "Faust" and "The Valkyrie," were a genuine treat. We had an opportunity during the past month to see Kyrle Bellew in his great success, "Raffles." It was his initial appearance here and he scored a decided hit. Wilton Lackaye was also well received in "The Pit" and "Trilby." Thomas Jefferson as "Rip Van Winkle" shows that he has inherited much of the talent of his illustrious father. Ethel Houston received an ovation as "Alan-a-Dale" in the ever tuneful "Robin Hood." She is a native of our sister city, Columbus, and has many friends here who admire her beautiful contralto voice. D. E. Moorefield.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 9.—A month of Shakespeare concluded with the Sothern-Marlowe productions of "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice"; and the Ben Greet Players' admirable performances of various plays. The engagement of the Russian players in "Ghosts" at the Bijou, December 13, attracted an audience of which a large proportion was made up of English-speaking people. A notable benefit was given December 15 for the Actors' Home Fund, Mr. Sothern, Mrs. Fiske, Joseph Wheelock and others volunteering their services. On December 25 William Gillette was seen for the first time in his new play "Clarice," which has been written and strengthened. Edna May appears in "The Catch of the Season." John Drew, a great Boston favorite, is, in "DeLancy," as enjoyable as ever, and attracting his usual brilliant audiences to the Hollis Street. He was preceded at this theatre by Francis Wilson, who, in "Cousin Billy," afforded amusement, but struck a new and truer note in "The Little Father of the Wilderness," a touching one-act play which will be seen in New York next spring Hettie Gray Baker.

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN., Jan. 15.—But for the interposition of two or three stock companies and the engagement of John Griffith in "Richard the Third," the season here has been given over entirely to musical comedy. Of the latter, thrown at the good natured public in over large doses, perhaps Billy Clifford in "The Jolly Baron" and West & Vokes in "A Pair of Pinks," gave the best satisfaction to the largest houses of the year. Mr. Griffith's interpretation as the tyrant Richard was received with considerable enthusiasm. C. A. Jones.

BRUNSWICK, GA., Jan. 9.—Mabel Paige in "A Cozy Corner" was seen here December 13, and pleased our theatregoers. This is the best vehicle Miss Paige has ever had, and her interpretation of Avie Merril is clever. Black Patti came December 18. West and Vokes pleased a capacity house with their funny affair, entitled "A Pair of Pinks"; Margaret Daily Vokes is certainly the most original comedienne we have seen in Brunswick, and her work was fully appreciated. Albert C. Banks, Jr.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 10.—We have had a feast of good things both musically and dramatically in the past few weeks. At Convention Hall, Emma Eames and an excellent company in concert, Pittsburg Orchestra, Emil Paur, director. Calvé drew one of the largest houses of the season. David Bispham, soloist with the Guido Chorus, a local organization. The house would hardly hold the crowd that turned out to hear Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, who gave one of the finest concerts ever heard in our city. At the Star The Savage Grand Opera Co. gave us "La Bohème," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Faust," "Aïda," and the new opera "Valkyrie": all of which were well staged and delightfully rendered. Then followed Henrietta Crosman in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," Arnold Daly in "You Never Can Tell," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "The Little Gray Lady," "The Bishop's Carriage," "Little Johnny Jones," "Piff, Paff, Pouf," and Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann." At the Independent House, The Lyceum, Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna," who delighted audiences. A. J. Heimlich.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Jan. 5.—Sheppard's Moving Pictures gave wholesome entertainment to good business. "David Harum," with Harry Brown as David, pleased a large audience. "Robin Hood" also made a hit. The leading parts were well taken and the operetta pleased the large house. "Sowing the Wind," with Suzanne Santje in the leading rôle, and ably supported by Edward R. Mawson, gave one of the best performances seen at the Academy this season. The balance of the cast was exceptionally strong. Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles" delighted a large house. He was ably supported by E. M. Holland, and Clara Blandick. Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" was seen in the rôle created by his father. "The Runaways," with Geo. Evans up, pleased in this well-known onera. Geo. L. Van Echop.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 5.—"The Heir to the Hoorah" with Guy Bates Post and a notable cast gave one of the best performances seen at the Opera House this season. McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree," were good in spots, but their old vaudeville sketch is somewhat played out. "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" drew large houses all week, the Ercole Ariaza Castilian dancers being especially fine. Grace Van Studdiford was billed to appear at the Colonial in "Lady Teazle," but was indisposed, and Elisabeth Brice, her understudy, scored an immense hit in the part. W. H. Thompson in "The Bishop" was well received and drew S. R. O. houses. J. A. Watterson.

CLINTON, IOWA, Jan. 1.—At the Clinton Theatre. Henry Horton, supported by Louise Hardenburgh, appeared here in "Eben Holden" and was well received. Mildred Holland in "The Triumph of an Empress" won the hearts of our theatre-goers: "The County Chairman" was also presented recently; likewise was "The Maid and the Mummy," both giving entire satisfaction. Calvé, the noted French prima donna, charmed a splendid audience. Manager Dixon's effort to collect an audience worthy of such an artist was crowned with success, every seat in the house was sold, box parties coming from Dubuque, Cedar Rapids, Morrison, Sterling, Fulton and other places. Lillian Hulett.

DECATUR, ILL., Jan. 5.—"Buster Brown" was seen here December 25 and pleased every body. "The Black Crook" on the 26th was not very well liked. "The High Flyers" Dec. 27 drew a fair house. "The Woman in the Case" was here the 28th, and "My Friend from Arkansaw" on the 30th, "The World," January 1, "The Little Duchess" on the 2nd, and "A Message from Mars" on the 3rd. "A Poor Relation" the 6th; "The Land of Nod" the 8th, "The Holy City" the 9th, "The Forbidden Land" the 10th, "In Old Kentucky" the 11th, "Parsifal" the 13th. Russell Burke.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Jan. 10.—The attractions have been few and far between. Among the best that have played at the Grand are Otis Skinner in "His Grace De Grammont," "The Tenderfoot," Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams in "The Rollicking Girl," "San Toy" and "The Clansman." The People's has drawn such attractions as "The Chaperon," "The Beauty Doctor," and "Miss Bob White." This is doing well when it is considered that this house plays only Sunday nights. Mr. Sellinger, manager of the new Bijou, has booked only the best acts and those that appeared last month have taken well. This house, which is devoted to high class vaudeville, has enjoyed immense business. Robert L. Odell.

HAMILTON, CAN., Jan. 11.—Local theatregoers have been favored with every brand of amusement of late, from the sublime Sarah to George Primrose. Bernhardt chose "Adrienne Lecouvreur" as her piece in which to appear here. John Blair found it difficult to awaken enthusiasm in a small audience with "The Crossing." "Piff, Paff, Pouf" proved a winning attraction drawing large houses and being thought vastly superior to most of the musical farce entertainments. Primrose's Minstrels, always welcome here, were well received by a large audience. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," very acceptably acted, gave fair satisfaction. C. W. Bell.

JACKSON, MICH., Jan. 8.—The performances of the past month are as follows: Francis Wilson, in "Cousin Billy," at the Athenaeum on the 8th, Cook Stock Co., 11th-16th, "In a Woman's Power," on the 25th, afternoon and evening, good houses, "Beauty and the Beast," on the 27th, fair house, "Parsifal," on New Years day, afternoon and evening, good houses. W. W. Reid.

JACKSON, TENN., Jan. 5.—Business has not been as brisk as it was earlier in the season. David Proctor, who starred in "A Message from Mars," was seen by a fair house and much appreciated. Barlow & Wilson's Minstrels were here on the 9th, but drew only a small house. They have not improved much on their perfomance of last year. "The Black Crook" played here on the 11th to a medium house, and was not very good. "Human Hearts" was here on the 15th. Dramas are not popular here. George Sydney was here on the 18th in his laughable comedy "Busy Izzy's Vacation," and furnished amusement for a good house. H. D. Arnold.

LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 5.—The Kentucky Colonel and his friends were among the favored ones for January, Miss Lillian Blauvelt opened the new year with her pretty and pleasing diversion, "The Rose of the Alhambra," to a large host of friends. Richard Carle's musical melange "The Maid and the Mummy" attracted and entertained excellent houses on the 4th. The pleasing opera "San Toy" was received on the 8th; company and performance excellent, likewise the business—two performances. The fun-makers, Yorke and Adams, in "Bankers & Brokers," were pleasing and clever, and deserved the excellent patronage accorded. Miss Eleanor Robson is underlined for the 11th. J. F. Annear.

LONDON, CAN., Jan. 10.—Bennett's Vaudeville provided a splendid variety of entertainment during the holiday season, and were repaid by bumper houses. A feature of this week's programme is the appearance on the stage of a masked local singer billed as "The Lady in the Mask." "The Arrival of Kitty" held the boards at the Grand Opera House Christmas Day. New Year's saw Ernest Hogan and a capable company of colored artists play to large and appreciative audiences at the same theatre. Greatly pleased were the lucky crowds who attended the performances of "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," on Saturday last. "London's Favorite Son," Geo. Primrose and his minstrel troupe were also accorded a delighted reception at the Grand. Cuthbert J. Allen.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 8.—As usual, interest in theatricals has fallen off owing to the holidays. Blanche Walsh, in "The Woman in the Case," drew packed houses. May Irwin, in "Mrs. Black is Back," had a cold reception. She was so disappointed that she refused to play her scheduled matinee, and turned away a large crowd. Weil and his Band played a Sunday night concert to a practically deserted house. Louisville is rather lukewarm toward Sunday concerts. Julia Dean, in "The Little Gray Lady," gave a charming performance to a small but responsive audience. Lillian Blauvelt, in "The Rose of Alhambra," met with a cold reception. The New Year offering was "The Maid and the Mummy" and was enjoyed. "Humpty Dumpty" started off the new season with a rush. They play here all of this week. "The Clansman" follows "Humpty Dumpty." During December, the Masonic offered "Buster Brown," "The Grafter," "The Chaperones," and "Peggy from Paris." As usual, all of these shows drew packed houses. Manager Shaw caters to the demands of his patrons and consequently has good use for his "S. R. O." signs. Hopkins continues to give us some of the best vaudeville turns in the country, and it is a bad night when the entire house is not "sold out" by eight-thirty. Edward Epstein.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Jan. 7.—The theatregoers of Milwaukee were favored with exceptionally good attractions during December. "The Maid and the Mummy" company at the Davidson did a remarkably good business. At the Alhambra, "McFadden's Flats" was a success. Otis Skinner paid us a short visit in "His Grace de Grammont," at the Davidson, which was thoroughly enjoyed. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" at the Alhambra was presented by a good company. The patrons of the Bijou were very well pleased with "Hearts of Gold." Sam Bernard in "The Rollicking Girl" was given a hearty welcome on his visit to the Davidson. C. W. Heafford.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Jan. 6.—The business at local theatres has been proportionate to the attractions. There is a good sale for "The Darling of the Gods" at the Auditorium, where many musical attractions, such as Calvé and Campanari, have done well. There are many musical comedies booked for the Metropolitan, but we are promised "The College Widow," "The County Chairman," "Little Johnny Jones," and the English Grand Opera Company. The Orpheum is offering very commercial vaudeville bills. Jacob Wilk.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 10.—A month of musical nonsense fairly outlines the local offerings. We had "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," "Fritz in Tammany Hall," with Joe Cawthorn bearing an unfair burden in the title role. Peter Dailey barely saved "The Press Agent's" life. We went to see Dailey, though, and were not disappointed in him. We have had other "shows" of less pretentious dress and merit, not forgetting the spluttering Rogers Brothers, but the Pittsburg play-goer's taste for color effects, pretty girls and knockabout comedians has become jaded. We turned with relief to Madame Kalich in "Monna Vanna," and during this engagement the Belasco was nightly crowded. Lincoln Carter's "Bedford's Hope," a real thriller, had its premiere here at the Bijou, and pleased the patrons of that house. "The College Widow," at the Nixon, was thoroughly enjoyed and "Mexicana," a new musical comedy, with Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Joseph Herbert and Christie MacDonald, proved a delightful surprise. Howard Johnston.

QUINCY, ILL., Jan. 1.—Among the well-known plays and players that have paid the "Gem City" a visit are Robert Edeson, in "Strongheart," Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case," "The Land of Nod,' Master Gabriel in "Buster Brown," and the comic opera "Paul Jones." The repertoire companies have reaped a harvest, playing to full houses, night after night Refined vaudeville at the Bijou, has sustained the reputation of that popular family theatre. Negotiations are being conducted with the object of converting Baldwin Park, on the outskirts of the city, into a huge amusement resort, with side shows, race tracks, vaudeville theatre. Joseph Esler.

SEATTLE, WASH., Dec. 30.—Manager Cort of the Northwest Syndicate has booked some excellent plays for this season, the best so far being "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Sho Gun." "The Prince of Pilsen" is an old favorite with Seattle theatre-goers, and although this is its second appearance here it played to immense houses, some pronouncing it better than ever. C. E. Armstrong.

SIOUX CITY, Jan. 10.—Musical comedy has predominated in the month's entertainment in Sioux City and of those offered for the appreciation of the large audiences which invariably gathered for such entertainment, few companies lived up to the expectations or made the most of the opportunities offered by the authors and composers. "Woodland" was the exception. "The Land of Nod," with William Norris, Knox Wilson and Alice Dovey in the cast, pleased. "Babes in Toyland," with two large houses. H. F. Ingersoll.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 5.—The first week of the new year at Court Square Theatre has been notable for high class attractions of varied character. "In the Bishop's Carriage," played January 1 to a well pleased audience, and Mabel Taliaferro made a favorable and lasting impression. A large crowd paid double prices to see E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe present "The Taming of the Shrew," which proved highly diverting, if not exactly Shakespearean. Ezra Kendall in "The Vinegar Buyer," followed, and James J. Corbett proved himself a real actor in Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession." Olga Nethersole was booked for the 9th and 10th, and no sooner was "Sapho" billed than the Mayor was besieged with petitions to prohibit the performance. He requested Miss Nethersole's brother to read the play before a committee of three—two ministers and a Y. M. C. A. Secretary—and "Sapho" was barred. H. W. Atwood.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., Jan. 10.—Mabel Paige, in "Cozy Corners," played to a large audience on December 10. Black Patti in the musical comedy "Looney Dreamland," pleased a good house December 19. Barlow's Minstrels were here on December 22. "Humpty Dumpty" was seen on December 7. On Thursday, January 11, the Casino will open its doors for the season under the competent manager, A. M. Taylor. Tucker C. Gibbs.

TACOMA, WASH., Jan. 6.—That Tacoma never tires of good music has been demonstrated by the large audiences which have attended the four musical comedies constituting the theatrical menu presented at the Tacoma Theatre for the past few weeks. The old-time favorite, "The Prince of Pilsen," again delighted with its familiar airs, followed by the "Yankee Consul," which was our New Year's day attraction, and the "Sho Gun" both playing to capacity houses. F. Kirby Haskell.

TOPEKA, KAN., Jan. 9.—We have had some good attractions at the Grand. "Devil's Auction," played to a large house. Adelaide Thurston in "The Triumphs of Betty," was well received. "The School Girl" did not draw heavily as was expected. Robert Edeson in "Strongheart" did not receive the support it should have. "Babes in Toyland" had good houses. West's jubilee minstrels tickled a fair house. All Topeka turned out to see the "Virginian." "Ole Oleson" drew the entire Swedish element. Chas. B. Hanford in "Taming of the Shrew" and "Ingomar" was warmly welcomed. The Crawford is offering high grade vaudeville to the public and is doing a good business as the result. The Novelty is compelled to turn crowds away. Louis H. Friedman.

TORONTO, CAN., Jan. 7.—After an absence of over two years from Toronto, Frank Daniels brought to the Princess Theatre for a week's engagement his latest vehicle, "Sergeant Brue." It proved to be a bright and thoroughly entertaining piece, refreshingly free from the crudeness and vulgarity which mar too many of its class. The consensus of opinion that "The County Chairman," which played the week of December 18 at the Princess, is by far the best thing that its young author has yet sent to Toronto. To say that the splendid work of Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann" and the play itself were appreciated, very inadequately describes the reception accorded the young star. Austin A. Arland.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11.—The present month has been an unusually happy one for the legitimate drama in this city. During the past three weeks, Mrs. Fiske, Mme. Bernhardt and Mrs. Leslie Carter have successively appeared at the Belasco, to a series of audiences that tested the capacity of this large playhouse. Arnold Daly presented a repertoire of the Shaw plays at the Columbia New Year's week. The Ben Greet company, week of January 15, appear in a repertoire of Shakespearian plays, done in the Elizabethan fashion, at the Belasco. At the National, we have seen that sterling actor, E. S. Willard, in a repertoire of plays by Hugo, Kipling, Barrie, and other standard authors. Other attractions which have met with success during the past month are: Savage's English Opera Co., Blanche Walsh, "College Widow," Lew Fields, Thomas Jefferson. Kenneth P. Clarke.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—The last month of the old year, and the first month of the new year have not been as brilliant in the threatrical world here as they might have been. Among the best attractions were "The County Chairman," with Maclyn Arbuckle and the original cast, Nat Wills in the "Duke of Duluth," Spangles' "Girls Will Be Girls," "Isle of Spice," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Sign of the Four." S. W. Long.

YANKTON, S. D., Jan. 5.—The following attractions have appeared here during the last month: "The Girl from Kay's," Dec. 4th, to good business; "Uncle Josh Perkins," December 11, to fair business; "Hoity Toity," December 15, to good business. Laura Frankenfield in "The New Magdalene," December 19 to poor business. The "Liberty Belles" December 26 to fair business. Roselle Knott in "When Knighthood was in Flower," January 2 to good business. This is the best of its kind ever seen here. Maurice W. Jencks.

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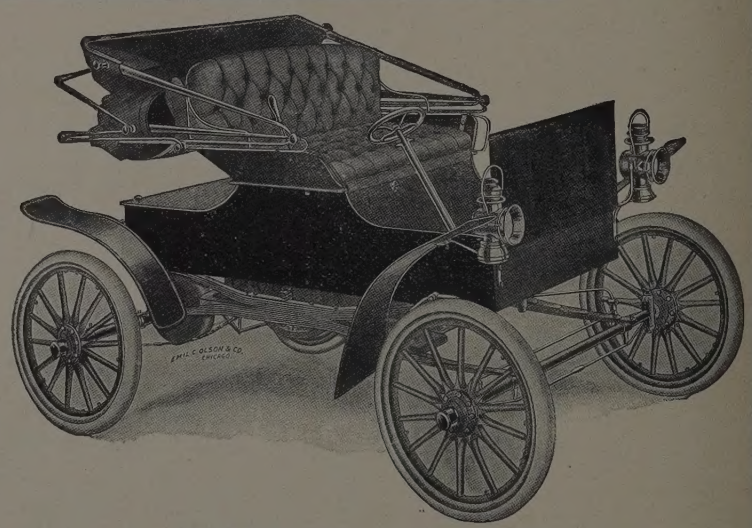

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Maxims of the Stage

Compiled and translated by Fred. F. Schrader.

True art never disgusts.—*Bulwer.*

A good play needs no epilogue.—*Shakespeare.*

A specter has very often saved a play.—*Addison.*

Tragedy is the highest earnestness of poetry.—*Schlegel.*

Nothing droll, nothing whimsical will endure.—*Emerson.*

Anything artistically beautiful cannot exist without truth.—*Schopenhauer.*

The art of the actor is midway between the plastic and poetic arts.—*Lessing.*

Not the first best, but the second or third best will draw the multitude.—*John Burroughs.*

Sometimes the wit of a scene lies in a shoulder-belt and sometimes in a pair of whiskers.—*Addison.*

Shakespeare's plays are without exception in perfect conformity with the rules of the stage.—*Ulrici.*

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was nor is, nor e'er shall be.—*Pope.*

The poetic drama can live only by being truly dramatic as well as truly poetic.—*R. Farquharson Sharp.*

A play is dramatically more effective when it consists not merely of action but also contains sentiment, passion, and thought.—*Ulrici.*

Artistic and especially dramatic composition is no logical nor mechanical contrivance; it is a living organism full of soul and mind.—*Ulrici.*

Very few voices but sound repellant under violent exertion, while actions of excessive energy and vehemence are rarely noble.—*Lessing.*

Shylock is a grasping and relentless miser, yet he can give up avarice to revenge. He has sublime passions that elevate his mean ones.—*Bulwer.*

A young critic is like a boy with a gun; he often fires at every living thing he sees; he thinks only of his own skill, not of the pain he is giving. —*Longfellow.*

When an author kisses his family good-by and starts for the first night of his play, he never knows whether he will return in a cab or an ambulance.—*George Ade.*

The appearance of the ghost in "Hamlet" is a masterpiece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror.—*Addison.*

There is much more good than bad in human nature, and the worst and meanest of mankind will applaud the good, the true, and beautiful on the stage.—*Martha Morton.*

Amusing works may entertain for the moment, but it is the tragic element in poetry which, by stirring our feelings, yields lasting solace and comfort.—*C. A. Buchheim.*

The object of the theatre is not to teach us what this or that particular person has done, but what every person of a certain character under certain circumstances would do.—*Lessing.*

Théophile Gautier, who disliked the theatre, said that an idea never found its way on the stage until it was worn threadbare in the newspapers and in novels.—*Brander Matthews.*

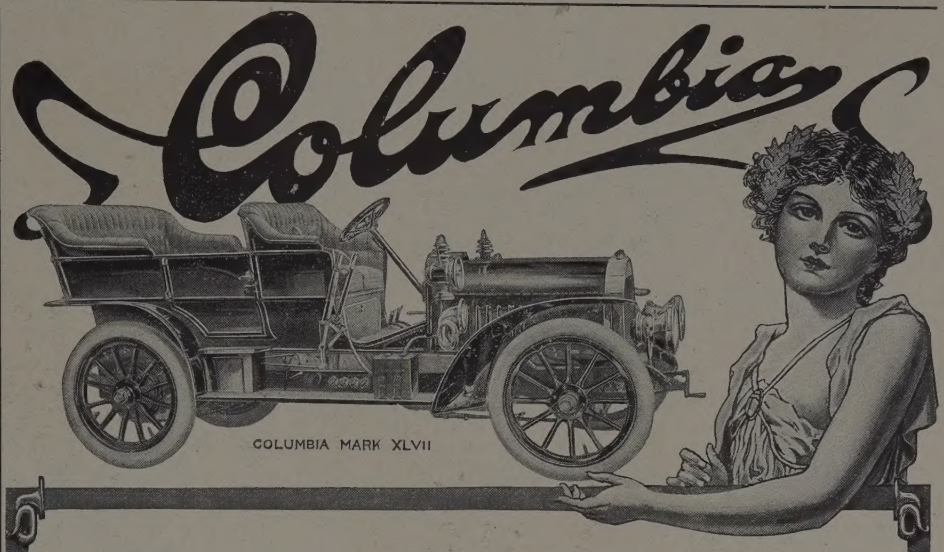
More failures have been accomplished through vanity than through carelessness. A careless man may receive the sympathy and pardon of the world—a vain man, never.—*Joseph Jefferson.*

The elementary passions themselves, like the elements, are few; it is the modifications they take in passing through different bodies that give us so inexhaustible a variety of lights and shadows of loveliness and glory.—*Bulwer.*

Acting is measured with a tape, and the chief demand seems to be for form. This is right, and, indeed, is imperative, whenever it is certain that the actor at his best is one who never can rise above the high water mark of correct mechanism.—*William Winter.*

The drama is really the noblest form of literature, because it is the most direct. It calls forth the highest of literary faculties in the highest degree—the creation of character standing firm on its own feet, and speaking for itself.—*Brander Matthews.*

Alas! the plain English is that his (Booth's) illustrious name and fame and the tradition of his art are all that is left to the American stage, which to-day is trodden only by the spirits of departed actors, of whom all but him are practically forgotten.—*Henry Austin Clapp.*



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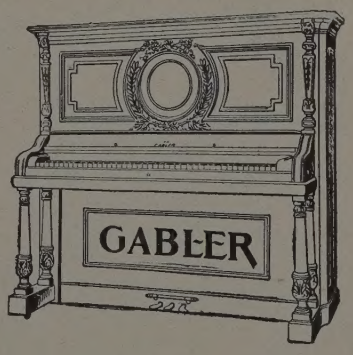

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